THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS COMMERCE

VOL. XXVIII. ROBERT BONNER, | COR. OF WILLIAM AND SPRUCE STS. | SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1872. | TERMS, $3 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. | NO. 28.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1872, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON.

SEEK THE LIGHT!

BY CLIAD DUNN.

Seek the noble, shun the ill,
Do all goodness that you can;
You have power if you will—
Power to prove yourself a man—
Seek the light!

What though hers of ever degree!
For that God will not condemn;
Only so learn to poverty—
Manger-born in Bethlehem—
Seek the light!

God has given you the might
To be pure, to be strong, to endure,
Fight the strife, conquer the right,
And when Freedom's dark clouds lower,
Seek the light!

Be content not to remain
Bound by chains of ignorance
Seek contentment only in vain;
Let your motto be, "Excelsior!"—
Seek the light!

Only those win full success
Who enlist in Virtue's cause
Who denounce all wickedness,
And uphold true manhood's laws—
Seek the light!

Lend your neighbor, if you find
He is groping in the way;
Teach him to think for his mind,
Guide him out into the day—
Seek the light!

Do the one best part you can;
Live not for yourself alone,
If you'd prove yourself a man;
And you'll see, when life is done,
Heaven's light!

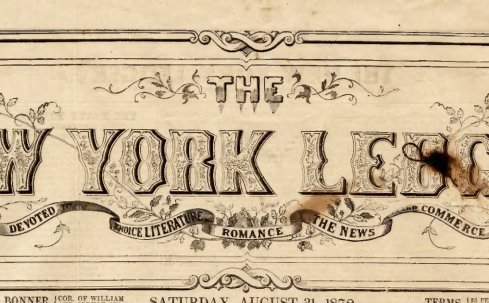
The Plot Against Hawley;

OR,

THE PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE HIDDEN HOARD," "SIDNEY SCOTT," "THE CLUB-FOOT BEAR," "MARK HAWLEY," ETC.



DESTRUCTION OF THE DOWNE, AND ESCAPE OF HAWLEY AND CAPTAIN DOUGAL.

CHAPTER XV.

A TIMELY DELIVERANCE.

It is hardly necessary to say that the two latiens of Captain Dougal produced in Hawley's mind keen sense of guilt.

He comprehended that he was booked for the gallows.

"If we are forced to join these runaway convicts, you say, Captain Dougal?" he quietly firmed.

"Yes, forty-two of them, including Fisty Bastwin, their leader. They are as bad a lot of out-litrats as ever existed—such outlaws, in fact, their hands must necessarily be against every man they may encounter. And when I remind you that they are all armed, you will see that they are in a position to exact their violence for you upon the boat, pounds."

"We'll beware of them," said Will. "Have you any arms or ammunition?"

"I ought to have. The villains have plundered the ship of almost everything, of course, but I'll see."

He proceeded to his state-room in a slow and feeble sort of way, which attested how sore and weak he was with his long captivity.

In a few moments he was back again.

"Fortunately," he reported, "the runaways have not found my little cupboard. I've got a pair of revolvers which are loaded with waxy-good cartridges. I'll divide with you."

"Many thanks," said Will, as he secured the weapon on his person. "I feel safer now. The only other weapon I have is an old case-knife, given me by Tallahassee, the same with which I cut your bonds."

"And here, also," added Dougal, "is a flask of brandy and a handful of biscuits. Won't you take a drink, Mr. Hawley?"

"No, thank you."

"Well, I will, for I am as weak as a kitten," said Dougal suited his action to the word.

"But now, my friends, we are talking for I haven't eaten a morsel in twenty-four hours."

"That's right; do so, while I step on deck a moment, to make sure that the runaways are still quiet in their quarters and that we have nothing to fear from them until morning."

He was gone even as he finished speaking, but returned promptly.

"I see nothing to have nothing," he reported. "We'll talk a few minutes longer, while you are gaining strength for your watch. Did these runaways intend to come here when they left Australia?"

"They did, as strange as it seems!"

"Why, what in the world for?"

"It is impossible to say with any certainty. They may intend to hide here for a longer or shorter time before attempting escape—but they can hardly intend to people the island, as Pitcairn was peopled by the mutineers of the *Bounty*. I have heard some of them speak of a large treasure which they have buried here by pirates, and of which they propose to come into possession."

"Ah! is it possible?"

"Why did you ever hear of any such treasure?"

"I have, Captain, I have—of a treasure amounting to a million, which was stolen from my wife's uncle, Thomas Aymar of Calcutta, some ten years ago."

"By pirates, Mr. Hawley?"

"Yes, sir."

"And buried on this island?"

"Yes, sir. Such a treasure has existed, and such is its history. The facts relating to it are at this moment in my possession."

Aymar?" repeated Capt. Dougal. "I have heard of a Aymar who was a wealthy man, and like that in your wife's uncle?"

"Yes, sir; she is also the only one in the world—if he is not living."

"Then there may be a basis for all I have heard these runaways say about coming here to look for a buried treasure?"

"There may indeed, although I am at a loss to know how the secret has fallen into such company. The first object of these runaways was, of course, to make their escape, but they may have several secondary objects—such as looking for a treasure here, colonizing some island, or even joining some of the piratical hordes which infest the East Indies. Will you tell me how you came to be on the island and jump her out, so as to get her afloat again?"

"No, never. The good old ship has suited her last sail. She was built in Greenock twenty years ago, and given by her builder to his daughter, as a wedding present, and never her name. Her career has been a splendid one, but it is ended. I think she will be converted in piece next winter by the ice, if she does not perish sooner."

"And her two boats?"

"Her boats are not fit for a voyage of any description, Mr. Hawley. They are even more shattered than the *Downe*."

"How did the runaways get possession of your ship?"

"They captured her at Perth, the capital of the Swan River colony, in Western Australia. This colony was started in 1829, but got along so poorly that in 1850 the colonists petitioned the government for the formation of a convict establishment in their midst—"

"A measure of singular taste, I must say," interrupted Hawley.

"I agree with you. But the measure seemed to many good men the only one that could possibly make the vast region of Western Australia from being abandoned to the kangaroos. And the petition was granted, and taken by the government, for the petition of the colonists was granted, and large numbers of convicts were dispatched to Swan River from the adjacent penal settlements—"

"And among them the runaways have present?"

"Exactly."

"Well, what were the results of the measure?"

"The results seemed satisfactory. Certain it is that the flood of convicts was given to all the affairs of the colony. But a plot has been organized, it seems, by a number of them, on the part of the most desperate convicts in and around Perth, to make a bold stroke for their freedom. Fisty Bastian was their leader. Their project was to seize a ship—any ship that might come to their view—and make their escape to some corner of the earth whither it would be difficult or impossible to pursue them."

"Ah, I comprehend the case," said Will. "The *Downe* arrived at Perth about the time this villainous crew were to act, and so became the victim of their conspiracy."

"That is the whole story in the matter. These ruffians got together, as I hastily went near Perth the very night the *Downe* arrived there in ballast from Adelaide, to take aboard a return cargo. Next midnight, when everything was quiet, they overpowered the crew of the ship, as she lay alongside her wharf, and in three minutes thereafter were in undisputed possession, as the majority of my men were asleep. The captain came on deck just then to make way, making a feint all the next day of getting under way, but in fact not doing so, and away in this direction. The best of my sailors, poor navigators, and I wonder that the ship has held together so long, the way they have handled her; but here we are."

"Are any of the passengers aboard of the ship at this moment?" asked Will.

"No. They are too apprehensive of pursuit to remain here. They feel safer ashore than on shipboard. There was a small vessel to port at the moment of our seizure, and it's probable that she has gone to sea by now, or proceeded to the wharf as fast as they were able to get their baggage, and are safe to have reported the outrage. Consequently I was the only man captured by the runaways, my capture resulting from a blow that left me senseless in their hands."

"Your involuntary voyage with these runaways have been one long horror?"

"It has been. My wrists and ankles are swollen to such an enormous size that the miscreants have not been able, for the past days, to get their irons upon me. Just feel my forehead."

Will did so, with many a shudder and thrill of pity, as he found it burning with fever. Capt. Dougal had suffered for being bound so long and tightly, and the inflammation of the wrists was dangerous to behold.

"How long have you been coming from Australia?"

"What month and day have we now?"

"November, the 27th."

"Then I have not been a prisoner so long as I supposed. The *Downe* was seized on the night of the 26th of October, so that she has been only a little over a month in the hands of these miscreants. I have been chained a part of the time down in the hold, where day and night there was alike to me. My captivity has seemed much longer than it really has been. Thank Heavens, that it is at last ended!"

"It would seem, however, that we must have the runaways for our neighbors—at least for the present. And to those forty-two convicts the ship can oppose only three men—and one of the three is a madman! The situation is decidedly ticklish."

"I agree with you, Mr. Hawley. But what can we do?"

"Will, took a turn in the darkness to the entrance of the cabin, and, looking in, threw in his head abruptly.

"We must first consider what these runaways are likely to do," he said. "Now that they have lost their ship, they will have to remain upon the island, or embark in their boats. Which course will they probably take?"

"They will probably remain here, with a view to getting the first ship that may call here for fresh water or for a few months of the whaling fleet which passes this island. After their dangers and fatigues they will not run the risk of being seen in these shaky boats on the chance of being become still more dangerous and fatiguing."

"You are right, Captain. And now a word as to our own course. I suppose we could work one of these boats and take to the high seas, if the necessity seemed urgent, with the view of being picked up by some passing vessel."

"Certainly. With the aid of a bowline and a block or two, with a few pieces of spars, we could get out of the boat and, in the course of a night, especially if aided by your madman, be out of sight of land and well away on the ocean. But, as I say, I will accordingly appears any necessity for such a step. My brother and myself, and we are fully able to take care of ourselves in this way."

"You are right, Captain. And now a word as to our own course. I suppose we could work one of these boats and take to the high seas, if the necessity seemed urgent, with the view of being picked up by some passing vessel."

"Certainly. With the aid of a bowline and a block or two, with a few pieces of spars, we could get out of the boat and, in the course of a night, especially if aided by your madman, be out of sight of land and well away on the ocean. But, as I say, I will accordingly appears any necessity for such a step. My brother and myself, and we are fully able to take care of ourselves in this way."

The runaways had no suspicion of the fact that they were being spied upon, and could lead them to think that I escaped upon deck—"

He reflected earnestly a few moments, as did Hawley.

"You can give them that impression," said the latter. "They found you very securely, of course, and it would have been simply impossible for you to free yourself unaided. But, after I had your wrists bound with rope only, and said you were helpless—"

"They left me in the chair through a spirit of malignant mockery," exclaimed Dougal. "Quite true, indeed. I could have got to my feet my place at the head of the table again, and three minutes thereafter were in complete possession, as the majority of my men were asleep. The villains came on deck just the next day under way, making a feint all the next day of getting under way, but in fact not doing so away in this direction. The best of my sailor poor navigators, and I wonder that the ship has held together so long, the way they have handled her; but here we are."

"Are any of the passengers aboard of the ship at this moment?" asked Will.

"No. They are too apprehensive of pursuit to remain here. They feel safer ashore than on shipboard. There was a small vessel to port at the moment of our seizure, and it's probable that she has gone to sea by now, or proceeded to the wharf as fast as they were able to get their baggage, and are safe to have reported the outrage. Consequently I was the only man captured by the runaways, my capture resulting from a blow that left me senseless in their hands."

"Your involuntary voyage with these runaways have been one long horror?"

"It has been. My wrists and ankles are swollen to such an enormous size that the miscreants have not been able, for the past days, to get their irons upon me. Just feel my forehead."

Will did so, with many a shudder and thrill of pity, as he found it burning with fever. Capt. Dougal had suffered for being bound so long and tightly, and the inflammation of the wrists was dangerous to behold.

"How long have you been coming from Australia?"

"What month and day have we now?"

"November, the 27th."

"Then I have not been a prisoner so long as I supposed. The *Downe* was seized on the night of the 26th of October, so that she has been only a little over a month in the hands of these miscreants. I have been chained a part of the time down in the hold, where day and night there was alike to me. My captivity has seemed much longer than it really has been.

"It would seem, however, that we must have the runaways for our neighbors—at least for the present. And to those forty-two convicts the ship can oppose only three men—and one of the three is a madman! The situation is decidedly ticklish."

"I agree with you, Mr. Hawley. But what can we do?"

Will, took a turn in the darkness to the entrance of the cabin, and, looking in, threw in his head abruptly.

"We must first consider what these runaways are likely to do," he said. "Now that they have lost their ship, they will have to remain upon the island, or embark in their boats. Which course will they probably take?"

"They will probably remain here, with a view to getting the first ship that may call here for fresh water or for a few months of the whaling fleet which passes this island. After their dangers and fatigues they will not run the risk of being seen in these shaky boats on the chance of become still more dangerous and fatiguing."

"You are right, Captain. And now a word as to our own course. I suppose we could work one of these boats and take to the high seas, if the necessity seemed urgent, with the view of being picked up by some passing vessel."

"Certainly. With the aid of a bowline and a block or two, with a few pieces of spars, we could get out of the boat and, in the course of a night, especially if aided by your madman, be out of sight of land and well away on the ocean. But, as I say, I will accordingly appears any necessity for such a step. My brother and myself, and we are fully able to take care of ourselves in this way

young man, whose innocence came out of the investigation as clear as the day.

"I think we can let the fellow run," said the president.

"Of course," said Pedder. "It would be cruelty to detain him. You looked for his principal?"

"Yes, but he had vanished."

"I will have him looked for. In the mean time this young 'salt' from Syracuse may have a chance to get seasoned."

A few dollars was made up for the youth, Pedder proposing the measure, and the young man from Syracuse departed.

Pedder waited just long enough to secure the stolen checks, and then hurried to Mrs. Hawley's residence.

Mrs. Piper received him, explaining that Mrs. Hawley had too bad a headache to see him.

This was anything but satisfactory to the earnest suitor, but he concealed his chagrin, and asked if there was anything more he could do for Mrs. Hawley.

"There is," said Mrs. Piper, "if you will not mind the trouble."

"Speak, my dear Mrs. Piper."

"Mrs. Hawley would be pleased to have the money for the checks."

"Nothing is easier. She has only to sign them, and in the course of an hour I will be here again with the money."

The necessary signatures were procured, and Pedder departed upon his errand.

An hour later, he was back again, as he had promised, and again Mrs. Piper received him as pleasantly as possible.

"Here is Mrs. Hawley's receipt for the money," she said, handing Pedder a brief scrap of paper. "Her headache is no better, and she regrets that she cannot see you. She invites you to call again, and will be glad to see you at any time."

This was said with such merely conventional courtesy that Pedder started to his feet, with a genuine emotion that was decidedly unpleasant.

"Of course—many thanks," he stammered incoherently, as he handed over the twenty-five hundred dollars.

But this merely conventional treatment was anything but pleasant to Pedder. It did not open the way to his intended wooing as much as he had hoped and expected that it would.

In fact, the effect of this merely conventional treatment was irritating, in the state of mind in which he found himself.

He realized that he was far from marrying the fair 'widow,' and yet two powerful emotions were hounding him on to that end:

First, his unscrupulous and selfish love.

Second, the possibility that Hawley might escape from his island, and the consequent necessity of Pedder's hastening on his wooing.

A somewhat awkward pause followed the remark last recorded, and then Mrs. Piper made an allusion to the weather. Pedder responded in kind, and in the course of a few moments brought the interview to such a point as to take a sufficiently graceful departure.

Once out of sight from Mrs. Piper's, he made no effort to drive from his features the cloud which had overshadowed them.

"I begin to think I am making a fool of myself," he mused. "I've travelled more than ten miles to-day on Mrs. Hawley's account, and yet she does not care to see me. She may have a headache, of course—all women have headaches all the time—but she could have seen me, if she had wished to."

The stride with which he turned into Bleecker street, on reaching it, was like the stride he was employing the first time we ever saw him—namely, on the day when he heard of Will. Hawley's marriage to Clara Aymar.

On letting himself into his house, he found his sister idling languidly in the parlor, in her showy morning robe, and with her hair still in papers.

At sight of his gloomy visage, she asked him what was the matter.

"A doubt has assailed me," he answered.

"A doubt of what?"

"Of the success of our little plot."

"And why has this doubt assailed you?"

Pedder explained.

His sister laughed softly, and with the air of superiority she sometimes assumed.

"You have the 'blues,' Luke," she said. "Nothing is more natural than that Mrs. Hawley should have a headache. Nothing is more natural than that she should excuse herself from seeing you. You must beware of impatience. You must take your time to this courtship. 'The more haste the less speed,' in this, as in so many other matters. You'll see her the next time you call, no doubt. In any case, the two thousand dollars you have given her will enable her to live in comfortable ease at Mrs. Piper's, and you can certainly find more occasions—with the aid of Tom Breeling—to make yourself useful."

Pedder's manner showed that he was comforted by these observations.

"And now to say a few words about my proposed voyage to the island of Desolation," continued Miss Pedder.

The brother helped himself to a drink of brandy from a cupboard, and indicated that he was giving her his attention.

"I am resolved to sail in the *Childers* the very next voyage," said Miss Pedder. "While you are courting Mrs. Hawley here, I must be off to the rescue and courtship of Hawley elsewhere—in accordance with our programme. I have been having a lot of clothes made, and could start for Desolation at ten minutes' notice."

"Well, what is your plan?"

"Why, I must take Tom Breeling—"

"I can't let you have Tom. I want him here with me. But Tom has a friend in the Bowery who will just suit you—a fellow named Gawler, who has been a clerk in a pawn-shop. Gawler has a wife, which is so much in favor of having him, as you will need a woman attendant. As a measure of preparation, we shall need to print a notice of Mrs. Hawley's death, and I will have it in to-morrow's *Herald*. If seen by Mrs. Hawley or her friends, the notice will be contradicted the following day, of course, but that won't prevent the bogus 'death' from being just as good for you to show to Hawley, when you see him at Desolation. And now for your plan."

"Well, I will take Gawler and his wife as my attendants, and I doubt not that Gawler will serve me as well as Tom Breeling served you, Luke, and so make it necessary for the ship to call at Desolation for fresh water, as she did before—"

The brother shook his head energetically.

"That idea won't answer," he protested. "It won't answer to start those water casks a second time, even if we were sure of a hard squall at the right moment, to give color to the humbug."

Miss Pedder roused up, losing all her listlessness in an instant.

"Then what are we to do?" she asked.

"You must think of some other way of reaching the island."

A long pause succeeded, during which Miss Pedder reflected.

"I am up a stump," she finally declared. "How am I to reach the island? I should think you might help me, Luke. If another call for fresh water is impossible, we must think of some other excuse for calling. You must surely be able to advise me."

"If I were going in the *Childers* myself," said Pedder thoughtfully, "it would be easy to arrange the matter. But as I am to remain here, to woo the fair 'widow,' and as Captain Hooper will probably have command of the clipper, the question before us is not without its difficulties. I think—to offer a definite idea—that you had better pretend to be insane. Your madness will date from the shock you received when informed of the death of the late William Hawley at the island of Desolation. I will not hesitate to mention, as soon as your mental illness becomes known, that you thought a great deal of the said Hawley, and even expected to marry him—"

"Well, you won't be far from the truth in those last observations," said Miss Pedder bitterly.

"I will accordingly cause due credence to be given to your insanity," resumed Pedder. "Your fixed idea must be that Hawley isn't dead, but that he is still alive at the island of Desolation, and you must stick to this idea with all the mad and unreasoning obstinacy of a lunatic. You must add that you can hear the [illegible]low calling to you by day and by night [illegible] to his relief. What would any good [illegible]cian advise in these circumstances? He would say, 'Take her to Desolation; let her see that Hawley is not there, and she'll recover her senses.' You are not obliged to rave and tear your hair. You will fall into a mute melancholy, become shy of everybody—and, in fact, I will keep you properly secluded. It is only necessary for you to be insane on that one point—that Hawley is still alive, and that you must go to the island of Desolation to save him."

"This is all easy enough," commented the sister. "I can put on black, wear a thick vail, and keep out of sight. But what next?"

"Why, I'll speak to my owners about your sad condition. If it's not convenient or advisable to call in a physician, I can forge a good medical certificate, in the form of a note of advice addressed to me by some great luminary, and this letter I will show to Minnell & Co. in the strictest confidence. You know already how handy I am with the pen. My next step will be to suggest to Minnell & Co. that we didn't lose a single hour by our call at Desolation on the last voyage. The voyage out was the shortest, in fact, that the *Childers* has ever made. Then it will be easy to say that another call at Desolation will not cause any delay or damage. And the rest will be easy. When Minnell & Co. see how earnest I am about your voyage to Desolation, and what hopes of your recovery the physician holds out, they will permit the ship to call again at Christmas Harbor, and will direct Captain Hooper to afford you every facility for curing yourself of your mania. You will accordingly go ashore—you will encounter Hawley—an instant cure will be effected, and you will go on to Australia in the society of the man you have so strangely rescued."

"I like the project," said Miss Pedder. "I have already mentioned to several friends that my health is miserable, and that I think of taking a voyage to Australia. My mental malady can increase so rapidly that, after to-day, it will not be advisable for me to see visitors, and I can be so bad, on going aboard the ship, as to recognize no one save you."

"You had better tell Miss Dail this evening that you are going to be absent from home toward a year, and request her to find a new boarding place."

"I will do so. When will the *Childers* sail again?"

"In ten or twelve days. Business was never so lively as at present. I will see Minnell & Co. in the morning about the call at Desolation, and we'll then further discuss the whole matter."

The result of all these steps and discussions can be foreseen.

When the *Childers* sailed for Australia again, Miss Pedder sailed in her, with the reputation of being mildly insane upon some one point that the voyage was expected to set to rights.

Pedder saw her off, and the Mr. and Mrs. Gawler heretofore spoken of, sailed with her as her attendants.

A single fear assailed the sister, as the clipper was about to get under way.

What if Hawley should leave Desolation before her arrival?

A fear, too, assailed Pedder.

The voyage was to be a long one, and it was open to a thousand accidents and evils.

What if his sister, thus starting out upon her mission, should meet with some dread misfortune? What if her feigned insanity should become, through some great shock or suffering, a real and permanent madness?

The course upon which she had entered was certainly a sort of playing with fire.

He had known stern judgments to fall upon that species of wickedness.

It was too late, however, he thought, to turn back—too late to even mention to his sister the gloomy thought that had entered his soul. He had barely time to wish her a pleasant and successful voyage, and to exchange an embrace and a kiss with her, and she was gone—to what fortune? to what fate?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AGNES STIRLING.

A TALE OF THE TEXAS FRONTIER.

BY MRS. A. E. BARR.

"A bill for the relief of Robert Stirling and his men." I was leaning over the ladies' gallery of the Texas Senate Chamber when I heard these words, and saw the change they instantly produced over a somewhat indifferent and uninterested house. *Ennui* kindled into enthusiasm, and debate merged into eulogium, so that the bill was finally passed almost by acclamation.

I heard enough to make me intensely curious, and it was therefore no small pleasure to learn that a party of summer tourists, in which I was included, were to be the first bearers of the news to the old man.

His cottage stood on the outskirts of a large cedar brake. It was in the usual Texas order of architecture—two large rooms, with a wide passage between them. The logs had never been painted or dressed, but a luxuriant white jasmine covered it with an almost supernatural loveliness.

Calm and peaceful it looked without, and yet within the greatest of all struggles was going on—the struggle of the Eternal out of Time. That it had been a hard one, in Robert Stirling's case, was quite evident. "Many and evil days" was his own history of life, and I read the confirmation in a scarred and sorrowful face, full of gray old miseries.

A number of wild, rough-looking men were sitting in the shade of some mulberry-trees. They spoke seldom, smoked incessantly, and waited with a sad patience for the end sure to come. And when the sun dropped below the horizon their watch was over. They knew it when they saw their captain's only child walk to the end of the piazza and look with great, dry, yearning eyes to where the sun had left a track of glory behind him. There she was joined by some of the oldest of the men, who strove to comfort her.

There was in this woman's face a wonderful charm, the secret of which I discovered afterward. It was partly the sweet gravity of one who had learnt, in the solemn high places of Nature, a joy beyond laughter; and partly that sense of strength and repose which clothes as with a garment those who have fronted sorrow and triumphed over it. In spite of her weariness and grief, and her crowded house, she urged the ladies of our party to accept the shelter of the cabin. And I, who have a taste for civilization, and a perverse inability to see the luxury of a hammock, gratefully accepted it.

The next three weeks, while my friends were making geological and botanical discoveries, I was getting glimpses of a life pure and unselfish enough for the angels to have desired to look into. I say "glimpses," because I soon found that she did not care to talk of herself, except as incidental to others.

My first interrogatory about any one is generally their birthplace. On this subject I have a theory, and it interests me to see how often truth and surmise agree. But with Agnes Stirling I remained unsatisfied, simply because she did not know herself.

"I was not born here," she told me. "My first memories are of crowds of faces that were not kind to me, of water that seemed to have no end, and of a small vessel, in which we nearly perished."

"We?" I repeated interrogatively.

"That is, my mother and I, and my eldest brother. He was a little baby then, wailing night and day in her arms. He lived to be a noble boy, and to die in her defence."

"But where was Captain Stirling at that time?"

She detected a suspicion of something she did not approve in my voice, and she answered, in a tone that was almost caressing:

"Ah, he was not with us. That was where the misery begun and ended. When we got to him we were very happy."

"Do you remember that?"

"It is impossible that ever I should forget it. After we had been a long time on the water, one morning, just at sunrise, we were put into a little boat and rowed toward the land. A man stood waiting for us—a man whom I had never consciously seen, but whom *I knew at sight*. On all that bar of lonely sand he was the only living thing. And he looked so handsome and so happy, as he stretched out his arms and shouted to us. I think he will stand just so to welcome me, when I see him next. When our feet touched the land he could not speak for joy, and I remember well that his first action was to kneel down and kiss my mother's hands. I don't understand even now why he did it, but I am sure it was well done. An ox wagon, driven by that old negro you see smoking before the quarters, brought us here. I have no idea how long it took us. I was a silent child, and never asked many questions, and when I saw the green, cool woods, and the strange beauty and wealth of the flowers, I think I believed we were in heaven. One day I found courage to ask Prince, as he was yoking the oxen, if it were so. He looked at me with a kind of reverence. Many a man, wise in his own eyes, would have laughed at my ignorance; but Prince answered solemnly, 'De little children, Miss Agnes, are allus pretty nigh to de kingdom ob heaven.' I never forgot the look and the words, and I understand them now, though I did not then."

Piece by piece I patched out the years of her childhood, and it made a story startlingly dramatic, and almost incredible to those who have never learnt that adversity sees miracles. But with all its romance, it was still the old story of woman hourly crucifying every selfish thought, and filling her space with lovely deeds and faithful prayers, instead of lingering years.

When Agnes was seventeen years of age, the tragedy occurred which clouded all her future life. She had then three brothers: Robert, nearly sixteen; Alick, twelve; and Harry, seven. Although fifteen years had passed since its occurrence, she was greatly agitated in its recital.

"It is very hard to speak of it," she said, "but I want you to know all; otherwise much that you may hear of my father will seem so savagely cruel. It is, indeed, the only key to that portion of his life with which the public have to do.

"It was on the 24th of October, in the year 1843. There had been slight frosts, and as father was going to the mill, which lay in the river bottom seven miles off, mother proposed that I should go with him, and while the corn was being ground, help to gather some of the winter grapes and pecans which abound in the valley, and to which the frosts had now added the last delicate flavor. I was a little astonished at the proposal, for Robert and Alick generally went on these errands; but I knew mother meant it as a great kindness, more especially as there was butter to make, and both negro boys had gone that morning to the cedar brake for rails.

"The truth was, I had a little trouble of my own at the time—a love affair which my father, wisely I have no doubt, interdicted. For some days I had felt hard toward him in consequence, and my mother's good, wise heart foresaw that a few hours together would put all right. So she brought me a clean dress and my white sun-bonnet, and looked into my face with such an understanding sympathy that I could not resist the impulse to twice turn back and kiss her. Oh! I thank God for this memory. Father was pleased at my attention, and smiled kindly at me as I took my place beside him. When we got to the bottom of the hill I pushed my bonnet back and looked round. She stood watching us, and shading her face with her hands. Father turned at the same moment, and she waved us a last adieu.

"A very last one, as it miserably proved. In less than an hour afterward she was slain by the Comanches, after seeing her eldest boy almost cut to pieces in her defence. Alick and Harry, in the very beginning of the attack, had been bound with raw-hides, and given up to the care of two inferior savages.

"And yet that day father was in such wild, gleeful spirits as I had never before seen. Evidently he had no presentiment of any trouble until we reached the bottom of the hill on our return. The absence of all signs of mother or the boys silenced him. In another moment he had noticed a thin smoke coming from the open door. With a cry and a bound like nothing human, he sprang to the ground. A few minutes told us all our misery. The bodies had been set on fire, but enough remained to identify mother and Robert, and my father guessed only too well the fate of the younger boys.

"The earthen floor and heavy logs had saved the house, but I am sure neither of us at that moment thought of it as a mercy. The negroes were still in the brake, and our only horses with them. But by nightfall the whole country was roused, and following a madman in pursuit of the murderers.

"Some of the neighbors took me away, but I could not stop. If father should come home I knew he would expect me, and my heart was breaking for the dear little fellows whose lot was worse than death. I passed five days alone; they looked like years; and then at midnight two men carried a strange Robert Stirling into his house, raving with brain-fever. I say 'strange,' because no one ever again saw the same generous, kindly, cheerful man who had gone with me to gather nuts and grapes a week before.

"How he suffered for the next three months, when he could do nothing else but suffer, none but God knows. But in half a year he was in the saddle again, at the head of some of the most reckless men in the country. For nearly three years all search was unavailing, but nothing daunted or discouraged him. Only, every time he came home, he came a sterner and a harder man. And soon the wildest stories of his cunning and cruelty and reckless bravery were in every month. I do not believe any one blamed him much, and I, I loved him better than ever. And, oh, after Alick was recovered, crippled and dying, and I knew how little Harry had been almost tortured into the grave, there were hours in which I not only pitied but excused him."

"Then you saw one of your brothers again?"

"Yes; father found him with a party of Comanche horse-thieves, in the fourth year of his captivity. They say he took fearful vengeance for the boy's sufferings. I cannot blame him. Alick lingered many months, and became so dear to me in all those hours of suffering, that I almost wished to die with him, only that it would have been cowardly."

"You think so?"

"Yes, I think so. Who could have taken my place the last year? And then what a joy I should have missed!"

"A joy!"

"Certainly. I have been loved again. All my years of patient waiting and silent prayer acknowledged and answered. I have had many happy days the last seven years, and for more than that time every family in the county has rested in safety under the shadow of my father's name. For a long time he has been a just, as well as a brave man, and I am glad because he lived to know the State acknowledged his services, and provided for his child and friends."

"And what will you do now?"

"Wait. There is always duty. When everything else is gone, duty remains. I could not desert old Prince and Jeff, and the old men who have made this cabin for years a shelter, in sickness and bad weather."

"Is that all you will have?"

"That, *and God*. My solitude is not empty, and I shall find some good to do in every day."

I looked at the calm, strong face, and read in it a sermon not made with hands. "Lo here," it said, "is a woman born for adversity, for she has triumphed over it, and built of it a sanctuary for all that are sorrowful and afflicted."

THE HEAVY BURDEN.

A LIFE LESSON.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

James Downer was a young man of high social standing, and his influence in the town where he had lived from his birth was marked. He had been a leader in the Lyceum; he had been honored with responsible positions of town office; and he was one of the pillars of the religious society of which he was a member. In fact, he was a model man, and a majority of those who knew him would have said that James Downer could do no wrong.

One day James came into his home with a cloud upon his brow. His wife saw it, and asked its cause. At first he tried to evade the point, but when he was pressed he told her that his rupture with Philip Evans had come to a head.

"It is done!" he said impressively. "With that man I shall have nothing more to do!"

Mrs. Downer looked surprised and pained.

"O, no," she urged. "You do not mean that you will break with him entirely? You will not sunder all the ties of our long and pleasant friendship?"

James Downer brought his clenched hand down upon the table with vehemence as he declared:

"Ellen, I have done with him! I shall not take his hand—I shall not speak with him—again!"

"James!"

"Don't say anything more, Ellen. I am fretted now as much as I can bear. You know not how that man has betrayed me."

"I know," said Ellen, "that Philip Evans is an impulsive, quick-tempered, and often heedless, man. I know that his emotions guide him more than does his reason. But I never thought that he could do a malevolent thing."

"You have not truly known him, Ellen."

"Have *you* truly known him?"

"No. This very event proves that I have *not* known him."

"You have been mistaken in him?"

"Yes,—sadly mistaken."

"Now look you, James: Is there not more likely to be error and mistake in the passion of this unfortunate hour, than that all the joy and friendship of the past years have been a mistake?"

"Ellen," said the husband, with an injured look, "I trust my own wife will not join my enemies?"

"Pardon me, James. I meant no wrong. We'll have sunshine in our own home, let what will betide without."

And the discussion closed with a kiss. Ellen watched her husband as he went toward his office, and she said to herself, as she saw him moving away with his head bowed,—

"There can be no pure sunshine for thee, James, while that burden is upon thy spirit."

The case, in brief, was this: There had been a disruption and reorganization of the great political parties of the land, and James Downer and Philip Evans—friends and companions from boyhood—had found themselves politically separated; and the time came when they were rival candidates for the same office. In truth, neither had known of the nomination of the other until the thing had been done; but the event was a fixed fact, and the respective constituents of the two men held them to the nomination and the canvass. In the contest money was spent, and the strife was high. Bitter things were said, and strange things were done. James Downer was quick to detect the evil of the opposition, but in his own party he did not look for evil—it was his business, as a consistent representative of his constituency, to look only for the good. And as the war waxed warm, personalities entered into the conflict; and thus it came about that enmity came in where friendship had been.

There is no need that we should tell all that was said and done. The same social problem is being repeated every day, and blessed is he who hath not fallen under the chilling shadow.

James Downer nerved himself for the ordeal, and deemed that he was acting the manly part. He would not surrender his dignity of manhood—he would not bow down beneath the injury.

Sabbath came—the day of rest—the day of peace. James Downer arose, and his heart swelled with gratitude as he found God's beautiful sunlight upon the earth; and his gratitude found vent in prayerful utterance when he found his family gathered, in health and strength, around the matin board.

Later he went with his family to the village church, and as he entered the vestibule he came face to face with Philip Evans. A half smile was upon Philip's face, but James turned coldly away, and would not notice him. And the chill was at his heart from that moment. Philip's pew was not far from his own, and if he turned his head the face of his old-time friend was present with him. The anthem awoke no responsive music in his soul; the prayer found no echo of worship in his struggling spirit; and the sermon fell upon stony ground so far as he was concerned.

As it was at the church, so it was at the Lyceum; and so it was at other gatherings.

By and by the evening of the prayer-meeting came. These were really conference meetings, at which the lay brethren and sisters could both pray and preach; and James Downer had been one of the chief spokesmen. It had been his wont to interest these meetings by short and pithy speeches upon the great moral and social problems of the day. He was a deep student; a rational thinker; and as he was a natural orator, his remarks on these occasions were looked for with as much interest as attached to the ordinary run of sermons.

The evening came, and James Downer was present with his wife and oldest child. And Philip Evans was also present. The aged minister opened the services, as usual, and several of the brethren spoke; and several pieces were sung.

Where was Brother Downer? At each pause all eyes were turned upon him. But he did not arise. At length the minister called upon him by name, and he begged that he might be excused for that evening. He did not feel like speaking.

And as he walked homeward that night a great weight was upon him. What was it that had prevented him from speaking in the house of God?—His wife was silent, and his meditations had free scope.—Why had he shrank from raising his voice in social worship? Simply because the burden upon his spirit bore him down,—because the still small voice whispered to him that he had no right to offer advice to others while in his own bosom he nurtured an enemy to all peaceful, religious feeling. James Downer was a rational man, and he knew where the trouble lay. But—could he avoid it? Could he throw off the burden? Should he pass another week of self-imposed penance? Should he suffer the pain through all the coming time?

Morning came again, bright and beautiful; and a new resolve was in the man's heart. He lifted the burden of hatred from his spirit, and cast it behind him into the oblivion of the past. And then he went forth, and sought Philip Evans, and he met him at his own door.

"Philip," said he, "let us begin again—let us begin where the old friendship left off. I can bear this burden no longer!"

"God bless you, James! with all my heart!"

* * * * * *

When James Downer came in to dinner his face wore the old warm sunlight, and his voice sounded with the old music.

"James!"

"Hush, Ellen! The bitter flood is spent. Let its grief be forgotten as its gloom is dissipated."

"And Philip—"

"Is my friend, now, as ever!"

And when the next season of conference came in the old church James Downer spoke as he had never spoken before. His heart was full; and—the heavy burden being cast off—its fulness was free and buoyant, and its notes jubilant.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A SCIENTIFIC father was explaining to his little son, four years old, "the philosophy of the growth of trees," when the little pupil was struck with an idea, and exclaimed, "Papa, are *you* growing any taller?" "No, my son; why do you ask?" "'Cause the top of your head is coming through your hair." The lesson was adjourned.

A LITTLE girl who was visiting the family of a neighbor, heard them speak of her father as a widower, and on her return home, said, "Pa, are you a widower?" "Yes, my child. Don't you know that your mother is dead?" "Why, yes, I know that mother is dead; but then you always told me you were a New Yorker."

A BOY, six years old, living on Murray Hill, having been much lectured by his father on the babyishness of crying when any calamity happens, cheered the paternal heart the other morning by saying, "Harry B. cried nearly all day 'cause his father died; but if *you* should die, pa, *I* wouldn't cry a bit."

"WHO is he?" asked a passer-by, of a policeman who was endeavoring to lift a drunken man from the gutter. "Can't say, sir," replied the officer; "he can't give any account of himself." "Of course not," rejoined the stranger. "How can you expect an *account* from a man who has lost his *balance*?"

"NICE weather for corn," said a minister up the North river, to one of his parishioners. "Yes," said the old farmer, "but bad for grain and grass." A few days later they met again. "A fine rain we had yesterday," said the minister; "good for grass and grain." "Yes," said the old farmer, "but awful bad for corn."

"WHEN was Rome built?" asked a school-committeeman of the first class in ancient history. "In the night," answered a bright little girl. "In the night!" exclaimed the astonished examiner. "How do you make that out?" "Why, I thought everybody knew that 'Rome wasn't built in a day.'"

A FRENCH inventor recently made a trial in public of a pair of boots designed to aid one to walk on the water. The boots floated beautifully; but the trifling circumstance that they floated wrong side up nearly occasioned the death of the inventor.

A REPORTER for a Milwaukee paper, in chronicling accidents, says, "A deaf man, named Rond, was run down and killed by a passenger train yesterday. The unfortunate man was injured in a similar way about a year ago."

A COLORED soprano singer that went from Boston to Great Britain having met with pecuniary success, a company has made arrangements to export to England a large supply of black bass.

A "PERSONAL" advertisement in a Paris newspaper says, "Eliza, you can now return to the house without a shock to your delicacy and sensitiveness, as the boil on my nose is gone."

THE Duluth people won't allow the bodies of persons dying of the small-pox to be buried in their cemetery, because there are several unvaccinated corpses interred there.

A PHRENOLOGIST who experienced three collisions on the New York Central Railroad, thought the *bump* of destructiveness was very prominent on that route.

"I AM not myself at all to-day," said a bore to a wit. "No matter," was the reply; "whoever else you may be, you're a gainer by the change."

A SOUTHERN politician, named A. G. Allen, is annoyed because the telegraph and printers continually put him down as A Gallon.

A BIG DOSE OF 'LASSES AND WATER—One hundred and thirty-five blooming damsels all bathing in the surf at one time.

AN Alabama editor mildly alludes to his rival as "a reservoir of falsehood and an aqueduct of mendacity."

"I'LL take the responsibility," as a doating father said, when he held out his arms for the baby.

CATTLE are dumb beasts, but by gathering themselves together, they can make themselves *herd*.

THE sting of a bee carries conviction with it. It always makes a man a bee-leaver at once.

AN old hat is said to be like an iron kettle because it represents hard wear.

CURRENT ITEMS.

AT Highland Mills, N. Y., about two months ago, an old woman had a fight with a skunk, during which the animal seized one of her fingers in his mouth, and held on so hard that its jaws had to be forced open before the finger could be released. The wound healed, and nothing more was thought of the affair until a few days ago, when symptoms resembling those of hydrophobia were manifested—convulsive movements of the limbs, horror at the sight of water, etc., which increased in violence until the patient expired in great agony.

A SINGULAR accident occurred recently upon the White Mountain Notch road, N. H. A stage-coach on its way from Ammonoosuc station to Crawford House was struck by lightning during a thunder-storm, the horses thrown down but not killed, and two passengers sitting on the top of the vehicle were somewhat injured. Their clothes were scorched, their gold watches and watch chains melted in their pockets, and one of the men was burned upon the breast, the lightning also completely encircling his body.

A LITTLE nine-year-old girl appeared at the Union Depot at Indianapolis, last week, on her way to Chicago, with no money to pay her fare. Her father, she said, put her on the train at a station, the name of which she could not remember, and gave her a ticket for Chicago, which she had lost. She appeared very anxious to go to Chicago, in the hope of finding her mother, rather than to return to her father's house.

A MAN wishing to steal a night's lodging, lay down in a New London depot, after putting his money in his boots for safe-keeping, and went to sleep. In the morning, on awaking, he discovered that his boots and money were both gone, whereat he was exceedingly angry, and declared he "didn't suppose there was anybody in the world mean enough to pull off a fellow's boots, that way, while he was asleep."

A LADY living in Winsted, Conn., arose from her bed about midnight, last Monday night, went up Main street in her night clothes, rang the bell of a drug store and called for medicine—all in a sound sleep. When the druggist asked, "Who's there?" she awoke, and fell down overcome with fright. She was carried back to her home, where her husband was sleeping, profoundly unconscious of her absence.

A PITIABLE SPECTACLE.—A Boston paper says, "On Saturday was witnessed the pitiable spectacle of a young woman of respectable connections, and twenty-four years of age, driving through town terribly intoxicated. She went up the road at full speed, and offered a drink of gin to several of the passers by."

THEY have a remarkable dog in Auburn, N. Y., that, whenever he loses his master in the streets, makes for the street railway, gets on the cars, and keeps strict watch until he reaches the street on which his master lives, and then jumps off, and jogs up the street to his home.

A DEER ran into a bayou to escape a party of Georgia hunters, when he and the two hounds that followed him had a desperate fight with two alligators, that finally gobbled up the whole lot and slid away from the gory waters with the best meal they had captured for many a day.

A FEW days ago, a woman in Indianapolis became so enraged at her little son, who is only six years old, that she attempted to push him under the wheels of an advancing railroad train, and would have succeeded if a policeman had not interfered to save him.

A BEAUTIFUL church in London, which had just been nearly completed, at an expense of two hundred thousand dollars, was burnt to the ground on the thirteenth of July, by the accidental fall of a candle upon some asphalte.

AN aged man, seventy-three years old, residing in Wakefield, R. I., made desperate attempts to cut his throat the other evening, and was with difficulty prevented from accomplishing his purpose.

PROF. LA ROCHE recently died in New Orleans from the effect of drinking water that had passed through lead pipes, and his daughter was made totally and permanently blind from the same cause.

As a lady in Oneida County, in this State, was attempting to teach a little son the use of a revolver, the child shot her through the breast, inflicting a fatal wound.

AN Arkansas woman lately tarred and feathered her husband, whereupon he declared that if she did it again, he would quit the house for ever.

A BOY at Underhill, Vt., has just coughed up a beech-nut which he got into his lungs two years and a half ago.

THE colored people of Lexington, Ky., are reported as paying taxes on four million dollars' worth of real estate.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE STORY OF THE WRECK.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

The battered hull still lies in the sand,
And its quarter still in the high tide swings,
And the sea-gull screams as it flies around
Or settles the ooze with their webbed wings.

I remember how, in my boyish days,
I watched here with a fisher-girl,
And how we would laugh at the lazy gulls,
And watch the long waves coral and curl.

But often her bright brown eyes grew sad,
And I knew, as she gazed on the dismal wreck,
And told me how, in an olden storm,
Her brother and she had been wrecked from the deck
Of a coasting-craft.

This is a moral bulk—a proud ship there—
Had struck, with a crash, on our lonely shore,
In the terrible gloom of a stormy night,
And all down next morning she was no more.

The broken hull, with fragments of wreck,
And the shore all strewn with the shining dead,
With many a drowned and mangled form—
Such was the picture that met my eyes.

But one was living: a gentle babe,
Folded fast in the death-caress
Of a young, young and wandering fate,
Dreamless, and robed in costly dress.

The sailors from the board these found,
Yet all were lifeless, and cold, and dead.
But when he returned to the edge of the sea,
The babe there lumps had secreted in grass,
Jewel and trinket, and every sign
That might lead to the child's name or race.
Had torn it hitherto torn from its helpless dead.
Though nothing he found could tell its history and home.

They buried her under the bending cliff
And the babe was given to me to keep.
Grew up as a simple fisher-girl,
Knowing no father, nor mother, nor poor.
But never could know were she counted or sent,
Princess or lady, or peasant born.
But at times, when pressed, her proud spirit would flash,
She would stamp her bare foot on the sand it

No matter. We're yet to her youth she died,
And her grave is under the shadow of the cliff
Where, when a child, we have sailed
Both can be seen from a passing skiff.
Yet I often wonder, and often ask
Can, by no longer a mystery,
And this is the story of this old wreck
That moulders still by the lonely sea.

A BONE of CONTENTION;

The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HAMTON MYSTERY," "THE LOST HEIRESS," "THE LOST SIR RAL-DAGE," "THE OLD TIDE'S SHADOW," "A LIVING DARK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE WRECKED.

The discomfited villain Bing, whose nefarious designs had been so promptly and thoroughly defeated, in the very moment of his success, by Honor's faithful watch, crouched quickly to his feet, breathing a torrent of curses upon the heavy girl, whose frantic screams continued to ring through the corridors, to penetrate even to the outer air.

"Hush, you cat!" cried Bing, a deadly dread of her life in his eyes. "Hush, or I'll strangle you."

He bounded toward her with the look of a demon in his eyes.

Lucky, still clutching the long false beard she had torn from his face, retreated toward the door, keeping her eyes upon him as if he were a wild beast. Her screams were changed due to her intense pain. And by her screams came quicker and faster, pealing forth like alarm-bells.

Bing, in an agony of fright and rage, buried himself upon her. One hand was on her throat; the other grasped for her pocket, in which he had found the certificate of marriage.

A moment more, and he would have secured it. But the Providence that watches over the weak and the defenseless had not abandoned Lucky or her young mistress.

At the very crisis of the struggle, when the man's power of resistance began to fail her, and her screams were hushed in the tightening grasp of his fingers, there came a loud rushing through the hall-way, and the sound of flying feet approaching the door of the bed-chamber, whence Lucky's screams had issued.

Bing heard the sounds of approach, and, with a wild oath, he caught his beard from Lucky's lessened grasp, and flung it into the little parlor, closing the door behind him.

He had scarcely done so when the door came in with a crash, calling upon the name of her maid. At the same moment Bing rushed out of the parlor into the hall, opened and closed the house door violently, and then sped up to his own room.

Lucky, gasping for breath, with the livid marks of the villain's fingers upon her throat, tottered toward her young mistress with a gurgling cry, and sank down into the nearest chair, faint and trembling, unable to speak.

Honor threw off her wrappings hastily, and brought water, and chafed the girl's hands, moving with a ready courage and self-possession which Lucky had for in no hour of need.

"Oh, Miss Honor!" the maid gasped presently, with a look of terror in her eyes, "you are in danger!"

"There is no one here but you and me, Lucky," said Honor soothingly. "You are quite safe. Has any one been here, or have you been ill?"

"He has been here—Mr. Moor's man!" Lucky replied, in a low, awe-struck voice. "He came to steal the marriage lines. He must be in the other room."

"He is gone. I heard some one enter the outer door a moment ago."

Lucky drew a little out of relief, and drew forth the crumpled paper she had so bravely defended.

"Take it," she said. "You must put it in your desk, Miss Honor. That wretch will find his way back, and steal it. Lord your desk is open. He may have stolen your marriage ring—"

"He cannot have done that, Lucky, for I put it in my pocket-book while I was waiting for you at the pastry-cook's shop in Soliton, and I remember that I have not taken it out since. But he may have taken your locket also. I must see."

She crossed her open trunk and rifled desk, but discovered that nothing had been stolen. Then she blamed the frightened girl's caste into her own pocket, and hurried into the little inner parlor, followed by Lucky.

The condition of the various locks attested the fact that the villain had made himself at home for an hour jewel-case and opening by all her trinkets, sought and found the small black cup in which Bing had noticed, and which has been minutely described to the reader.

"So long as he did not take this," she cried, pressing the locket to her lips, "I have been careless to put it in my pocket. He must be mad, Lucky, in the same valuable of all my possessions—even more valuable to me than the paper you just gave me. But tell me how the man Bing got into the house. Were you all alone in the house when he came? The paper locked up if you had forgot it?"

Lucky related the particulars of her recent interview with the villain in the pantry of the kitchen, from which she fancied she heard a stealthy movement in her mistress' bedroom; how she had crept up stairs, and had seen a bearded man kneeling by Miss Glint's trunk, rosing a paper which she recognized as the certificate of Honor's marriage to Darrel Moor; how she had rushed in, and had snatched the paper, and plunged her hands into his beard and torn the mass of hair loose from his face, revealing his hideous identity.

Honor listened shudderingly. She sat down on a low stool before the fire, turning the little cups half slowly in her hands, while the tiny diamond sparks set in its encircling band emitted little red glozams and sparkles in the fire-light.

"You're a brave girl, Lucky," she said gratefully. "I shall not forget your defence of this paper, which may possibly be of great importance to me. At any rate, since its possession seems to be disputed by Mr. Moor, Mr. Moor shall have it to steal from me as it behooves me to guard it carefully."

"He might come back before that little black ball," said Lucky. "I knew you thought the world of it, Miss Honor, but I had no idea that it was worth more than all your jewelry. Did your mother give it to you?"

"I don't know how I came by it, Lucky," said Honor, with a sudden flush of color, which proceeded from some deep, perhaps, I will tell you its story."

"If it is certainly gone, Miss Honor," said Lucky, "and I am afraid my padding will be all burned up. I'll go down and see to it, if you please, Miss. If you should want me, you shall hear the slightest tap on the floor."

She hastened to the kitchen, quite herself again.

Honor continued to hold the little ebony ball in her hands, looking at it after a thoughtful fashion, her mind, however, more busy at the moment with Darrel Moor and his valet than with her cherished possession.

She had resolved to tell the story of the particulars of her history which would bid her loved Honor to be the actual and only daughter of Darrel Moor, and the consequent succession from the Red House had indeed the young lady to confess to her maid that it was that she was only the child of Capt. Glint's adoption. But Lucky still believed her young mistress to be a relative of the kindly captain's, and Honor had not the heart to undeceive her. Lucky's history of the case was regarded to Honor which was already become a fixed fact.

The little ball then, of whose history Lucky knew nothing, was a simple trifle to her—only the child Honor had worn, attached to a chain about her neck, when Darrel Moor and his valet had found her in her nurse's arms in the streets of Valdine.

The fact that Bing had said had believed

The New York Ledger

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1874.

We always send the Ledger at the expiration of the time paid for. If you wish it to be sent longer, it will be necessary to renew it; it would be well to have your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

We cannot change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us the *former* as well as his present address.

OUR TERMS FOR 1875—NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

Single copies, $1 per annum; four copies, $3; which can be sent to one post-office. For Clubs, who sends us $20 for a club of eight copies, full price, we will send a ninth copy for a year. Postmasters and others who get up clubs, in their respective towns, can afterwards add single copies at $2.50. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send 25 cents additional on each subscription to pay the American postage. When a draft or money-order can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail. The postage on the *Ledger* is 5 cents per quarter, payable in advance at the office to which it is sent, or where it is received when the paper is delivered.

☞ We employ no traveling agents. Address all communications to

ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

Honesty in Politics—What It Should Mean.

We hear it said, frequently, of a candidate, he is an honest man. This phrase seems to mean, with many people, simply that the person of whom it is used would not steal, or would not cheat in money matters.

Now honesty, when applied to a candidate for an exalted station, should comprehend much more than this. For instance, it is very little to say of a candidate for President of the United States, that he will never be a thief, or an embezzler, or a defaulter.

It is not at all likely that we shall ever have an official occupant of the White House or Cabinet who much cannot be stole. It is very easy for a man who refrains from putting a penny in his own pocket to allow the country to the extent of millions upon millions, by staging the financial policy of the Government, not with a single eye to the public interest, but in such a manner as to benefit and enrich his political and personal friends and supporters, at the ultimate cost of the National Treasury.

A President should be honest, not only as regards his own pocket, but honest in his convictions, and honest in all his purposes. He should be a man of stubborn and unyielding nature in this respect. George Washington was an honest man. Andrew Jackson was an honest man. They were honest because it was their nature to be honest—honest from the instinct, from self-respect, from conscience; honest because they couldn't help being honest. We want men of that kind of honesty—comprehensive and downright integrity.

The Death of a Dishonest Man.

It is sorry. He was buried to-day. He did not live to be old, and yet his life was not a short one. He did a great deal of thinking, and was widely known. The flags hung at half-mast for him, because he had been prominent, and his name had been a good deal before the public.

Yet nobody respected him. He was not honest; and that was the fatal drawback which always kept him under. He was shrewd enough, and smart enough; but yet he never had any solid, substantial prosperity. And the sole reason was because he had no inborn, abiding integrity.

Providence orders things that dishonesty thwarts the most cunningly devised schemes for making money. It does not like it, and would become rich; but thieves never do become rich in the true sense of the word. Their gains are uncertain, and their lives are thriftless as well as unhappy.

Apart from all reference to a future state of existence, there is no better platform for this world, for better basis to do business upon, than that of the ten commandments.

"It Was All for Love."

Those five little monosyllables are reported to be all that a man, who was arraigned the other morning for shooting a young girl, could say in response to the Justice's questions.

What have you to say in respect to the offence for which you stand charged?" said the Justice, in closing the examination.

"It was all for love!" responded the prisoner.

It is probable that the unfortunate man thinks that he did really love the girl whom he shot and mortally wounded; but many people will have no difficulty in perceiving that what he calls love is simply the essence of selfishness.

"Love seeketh not all to its neighbor," is the doctrine of Holy Writ. And whatever does work ill to any one cannot truly be called by the sacred name of love.

What Beer is Made of—A New Temperance Lecture.

Charles Marlow was hanged at Mayville, Chatauqua county, in this State, on the 15th of August, for the murder of William Bachmann.

The convict was a brewer. Bachmann was supposed to have a large amount of money in his possession, and to obtain this was the object of the crime.

Before his execution, Marlow made a confession, which begins as follows:

"I took him," meaning Bachmann, "down in the beer beer vault. I was about drawing beer off from a large hogshead; my beer was in a bad condition, and I had to put something in it to make it keep. I put in strychnine, among my other beers I had one cask of strychnine—"

Now what did Marlow have a *box of strychnine* on his premises—in his brewery—for? Of course he had it to put in his beer. And this is what people drink who drink beer.

—*The Gazette*, published at Middlebergh, Schoharie county, N. Y., and edited by A. S. Foote, Esq., says:

"The best of all the weeklies is *The New York Ledger*. Mr. Bonner believes in advertising, and is a tremendous winner which is immediately in the front of and overlooking the pulpit, although a new church, fell in upon the elevators where the minister stands while preaching, and had there been any one occupying the pulpit the congregation would have been mortality killed."

Lunatic Asylums—Personal Liberty.

Considerable public discussion has recently been indulged in, concerning the facility with which persons of sound mind, but alleged to be insane, can be silent up in lunatic asylums and kept there despite all their efforts to get free. As a proof that these charges are groundless, the managers of a Lunatic Asylum in this city state:

"Before a patient can enter the Asylum, it is necessary to obtain a lunacy warrant from a Justice of the Peace or a Police Magistrate of this city, which can only be issued upon the evidence of two physicians.

This, then, is the only barrier between any man in New York city and the Lunatic Asylum. Let any two physicians certify to a man's insanity, and a magistrate will issue a "lunacy warrant," and the victim will be locked up with madmen and kept from all communication with any body except those who procured his incarceration.

Now, one remembers that there are physicians in New York who are among the basest villains of the age, and that the warrants issued by magistrates are usually filled up by underlings and the facts or deprivations that are used with such privileges.

But happily, in America, there are no privileged classes. The law regards all citizens as on the same plane. What belongs as a right to take on airs, as if superior to other men. In the eye of the law he is a simple citizen, just as is the man who is a lawyer, a carpenter, a cooper, a doctor, or a lawyer. His profession in this land has no legal privileges, and it takes away from him no rights. He is simply one of a million of free American citizens.

Whatever it is right for a Christian gentleman to do, it is right for a minister to do. It is a very bad policy for society itself to expect ministers to be more pliant than other citizens. It would be wise to encourage ministers to lay aside their professional robes, and to appear men just as any other well-behaved mortal citizen would appear. The idea that a minister is a monster who increases his influence by a peculiar tone of voice, and by calling his congregation "brethren," and "sisters," and to recognize him as a minister as far off as a Jew can be identified.

If a man have good sense—and if he have not, what is the use of his being a "divine" to be the very tribunal of common-sense—he will not be content to be in perpetual fear that the people honoring them until he have time to become a "reverend." He will not be content to be called "the rev." by the people, and do better without them, than to hold them by such a title. He will not be content to ask always to "ask my friends," for rights, for rights, for rights, for favors, for favors, for favors, indiscriminately.

On the other hand, it is a minister's duty to produce the impression that he is a man indeed fellow and equal with the people he is sent. Frank, straightforward, truthful, manly, courteous, and kind, are the qualities which will commend him with common people. Such accent conjugments, are qualifications never to be overlooked by the Christian minister or his disciples to be so attractive and admirable that the people will be anxious to hear him, and would be drawn to them. This tied would go hand in hand with great public works.

Coming upon the stage at a time when political affairs are confused and unsettled, the age of which it is now difficult to form so high an estimate of the true consequences of political warfare. If you wish to know what is the secret power of Mrs. Clinton's war, you have only to read the official report of the Senate Committee of Ways and Means, 33d Congress, 1st Session, 1854, when they exposing Aaron Burr, and fearlessly accused him of the most corrupt political practices by personal and selfish motives.

He is a liar, a scoundrel, and a villain," exclaimed the hot-headed Clinton.

A challenge followed, but the duel was fought. I suppose that it was the most remarkable affair of the kind ever recorded—not to be fatal. The first fire doing no damage, the second fire, one of the seconds received fatal wound.

"Are you satisfied, sir?"

"I am not," said he, with more bluntness than courtesy.

They fired a second time without effect.

"Are you satisfied, sir?" asked the second. "I am not," answered Swartwout.

The men fired a third time without effect. "Are you now satisfied, sir?" the second asked Mr. Swartwout if he was satisfied.

"I am not satisfied, sir, and never shall I be satisfied. That scoundrel is a villain, and he must be punished. Until then, we must proceed."

The seconds agreed to a fourth, a space containing the apology demanded for Clinton's offensive words.

"We cannot spend our time in conversation. The apology must be made at once."

I will not sign any paper on the subject," said Swartwout, "but I will receive it."

Clinton accordingly signed Mr. Swartwout will willingly shake hands, and agree to honor and friendship, if offered freely.

The fourth fire then took place, when Clinton made the distinct apology required, and the lie left lay before the knee.

"Are you satisfied, sir?" the wounded man was again asked.

Standing firmly at his post, he answered:

It is useless to repeat the question. My honor is satisfied, sir." The duel was then declared ended.

While the surgeon was extracting the ball from the opposite side of Swartwout, Mr. Clinton again declared that he had no animosity against Swartwout, and was very sorry for what had passed, and was willing to go forward, shake hands, and bury the unpleasant affair.

Swartwout, however, declined to accept the apology, and declared that he would not shake hands with Clinton's ball struck his antagonist in the groin, and he died from the consequences.

"Are you satisfied, sir?" asked the second. "I am not, sir," was the reply. "Proceed, gentlemen."

Clinton then left his station, threw down his pistol, and declared that he would fire no more.

Swartwout then advanced to the ground, and, asked what he should do: to which the second replied:

"There is nothing further left for you sor, but to have your wounds dressed."

So the combat ended, and the two parties withdrew to their barges to the city.

Such was Clinton at thirty-three, when he was a leading member of the Tammany Organization, and was about to enter the Senate of the United States. He was brave, resolute, and ambitious beyond measure; but he lived in a time when the public sentiment was not so low as it is now, and he was forced to keep his position.

In those days the Mayor of New York was appointed by the Governor of the State. It was the office which Clinton most coveted, and that, in 1826, when George Clinton was Governor of the State. Clinton resigned his seat in the United States Senate in order to run for Mayor. He was elected, and held the office for two years. From that time until his death, in 1828—a period of twenty-two years—Governor Clinton was a member of the Legislature, and always as citizen—he served his native State with vigor and ability. It was not he who originated the idea of the Erie Canal. That had been thought of before he was born, by General Washington and others. But to him more than to any other man is due the fact of its completion. While he was still a young man, he was the leading friend of the canal policy in the State and the city, and as early as 1810 he explored the route, and recorded his adventures in making his way through the wilderness of Western New York; and though President Madison declared the proposed canal too great an undertaking even for the resources of the General Government, De Witt Clinton persevered. He urged on the work both by his pen and by his political interest, until he had created a public opinion which the opponents of the work could no longer withstand.

On the fourth of July, 1817, with his own hands he broke the ground for the beginning of the enterprise and in October, 1825, he had the pleasure of traversing the whole distance in a barge, going all the way from Lake Erie to New York harbor, saluted from every town and village by bells and cannon. It was a great triumph. Before he died, he saw the canal filled with freight-boats and cities which line the canal, springing into existence. But the crowning glory of Clinton's life was as striking as to give him an almost unequaled national position; and but for his untimely death, in February, 1828, when he was but fifty-nine years of age, it is by no means unlikely that he would have succeeded Andrew Jackson in the Presidency. The General, who had been a great friend of his uncle, George Clinton, was also an admirer of his nephew, and would have given him whatever influence from a place in his cabinet.

De Witt Clinton was much more than a politician. He was an accomplished man of the free-school system of the State, and an active member of almost all the literary, benevolent, and scientific societies of his day, to which he gave money, time, and talent. In 1826

THE STORY OF A ROSE.

BY ESTHER LYNN.

The happiest Rose in the garden round,
With a heart that beat for the world around,
A little close till my king is crowned.

In the dewy shade of the hedgerow gay
I hastily waited long, till the summer song,
Drowning, has silenced the chirp of May.

O the merry earth! It is good and fair,
With its nodding trees, with its waving breeze,
And the broad bright sun shining everywhere.

Soft darkness, then daylight, then dew-sweet gloom,
As I come to rest on a woman's breast,
Slow-rocked, like a cradle, by her tender bosom.

Hark! I hear her whisper her lover's name,
As she lifts me now to the low white brow,
To be cool its flush, born of pretty shame.

Low a sing-shed on the bridge-tree,
While the evening star quivers faint and far,
And the vvesshing smile of the valley fades.

Little blue-bells ring! I have found my king,
And its starry eyes open to the sky
As he holds me close, softly murmuring.

For he claimed me out of the maiden's clasp,
With a loving word that the night wind heard,
And he holds me safe in his fond embrace.

So she wind may sigh through the bending pine,
I shall fear no blast while he holds me fast,
And I see his eyes through the darkness shine.

Dying, forgotten! And is this then all?
Ah, sweetheart mine, I am thine, I am thine,
Are his careless fingers and let me fall?

And the girl so fair—did he love her then?
Is she mourning too? We be twin sisters!
And is this the manner of kingly men?

Even so; the gold as my heart grows dim,
And its crimson fold on the ground lies cold.
What matters the breath of a Rose to him?

THE BLACK DOCTOR;

OR, THE

Prophecy of the Voodoo King.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SPANISH RULE IN LOUISIANA.

By WILLIAM HENRY PECK,
Professor of History in the University of the State of Louisiana.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TENANT OF THE CHEST.

As Perez sprung to his feet on hearing the strange and horrible sound in the chest, it seemed to him impossible that he should have listened and, in his true voice, his customary expletive; and as he was, he hastened under his bosom:

"Diablos! This is sorcery!"

Jean, as he threw himself from the room out of the window, preferring—if he thought anything in that moment of supreme terror—to fall to the roof below and risk the breaking of his neck, to beholding for the moment the spectre of the dead Voodoo king, had been unable to close the window after him, and it was wide open.

Perez, as he heard the sound of the retreating step of his body-guard, leaped to the window, and, as he looked down upon the slightest form of Jean, he thought he saw the head of a negro, with its woolly crown, and its rolling eyes, and its broad bright white grinning crescent of a mouth.

Soft darkness, then daylight, then dew-sweet gloom,
As I come to rest on a woman's breast,
Slow-rocked, like a cradle, by her tender bosom.

Hark! I hear her whisper her lover's name,
As she lifts me now to the low white brow,
To be cool its flush, born of pretty shame.

Low a sing-shed on the bridge-tree,
While the evening star quivers faint and far,
And the vvesshing smile of the valley fades.

Little blue-bells ring! I have found my king,
And its starry eyes open to the sky
As he holds me close, softly murmuring.

For he claimed me out of the maiden's clasp,
With a loving word that the night wind heard,
And he holds me safe in his fond embrace.

So she wind may sigh through the bending pine,
I shall fear no blast while he holds me fast,
And I see his eyes through the darkness shine.

Dying, forgotten! And is this then all?
Ah, sweetheart mine, I am thine, I am thine,
Are his careless fingers and let me fall?

And the girl so fair—did he love her then?
Is she mourning too? We be twin sisters!
And is this the manner of kingly men?

Even so; the gold as my heart grows dim,
And its crimson fold on the ground lies cold.
What matters the breath of a Rose to him?

THE BLACK DOCTOR;

OR, THE

Prophecy of the Voodoo King.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SPANISH RULE IN LOUISIANA.

By WILLIAM HENRY PECK,
Professor of History in the University of the State of Louisiana.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TENANT OF THE CHEST.

As Perez sprung to his feet on hearing the strange and horrible sound in the chest, it seemed to him impossible that he should have listened and, in his true voice, his customary expletive; and as he was, he hastened under his bosom:

"Diablos! This is sorcery!"

Jean, as he threw himself from the room out of the window, preferring—if he thought anything in that moment of supreme terror—to fall to the roof below and risk the breaking of his neck, to beholding for the moment the spectre of the dead Voodoo king, had been unable to close the window after him, and it was wide open.

Perez, as he heard the sound of the retreating step of his body-guard, leaped to the window, and, as he looked down upon the slightest form of Jean, he thought he saw the head of a negro, with its woolly crown, and its rolling eyes, and its broad bright white grinning crescent of a mouth.

He then had not the slightest doubt that the sound in the chest, the movement of the chest itself, had been real and fact, and wrought from sheer disease?

It was well for the safety of the spy that the old fellow screamed, and hung there as a dead, or the yells of horror and fear of Jean would have aroused a thousand ears.

As just stated, a deep silence fell over all the room immediately after the dreadful screech.

Then Jean said:

"This is indeed strange," said the Senor to Jean, and breaking this profound silence.

Jean, a man far from childish superstition, could not say that he was not surprised; and the odor of his fine Havana cigar showed that he was even terrified.

The manners of the Senor could not be seen, because of his beard; but the tremor of his voice and the restlessness of his body betrayed his great agitation.

Jean, as the Senor above fled from the room, but he had not yet made up his mind to do so. He said, however, as if replying to the remark of the Senor, and in the most matter-of-fact tinolate from fear:

"Scipione was a very remarkable man. I saw him Voodoo that chest with his dying breath. Oh, there was a strange power in that African!"

"Scipione does not fear him," said Perez, who by this time had regained his natural self-possession courage; and he moved nearer to the haunted chest, he stooped and placed his ear to the lid.

Instantly he recoiled, uttering a fearful cry:

"Diablos! Something is sobbing in the accursed chest!"

And instantly all heard distinctly the sound of sobs in the chest, and then a groan and a scream.

"He said it!" cried the Senor, grasping the arm of Jean.

"Let me out," it said. Holy Jesus!" cried the pawnbroker. "Don't let me! Don't let it out. It may be Sathanus."

Rapping and thumps inside the chest now began furiously.

"Open the chest," commanded the Senor, giving the key to Jean.

"Oh," said Jean, "this is a Voodoo, and should not fear such things;" and as he said this he turned the key in the lock.

Perez cautioned Jean not to be put the key into the lock. "Devil or no devil, I do not fear the ghost of a slave." And as the unspoken defiance he turned the key, and threw back the lid.

"Diablos! Caramba!" mentally exclaimed Perez, starting back, as an impish form leaped as ink and as naked and supple as a snake, from the chest, and, with a bound and a howl of fear, rolled, like clinked on a spring, around the room, and then crouched down in the corner. "The devil undoubtedly!" mentally the spy pulled pawnbroker.

A full grown old Jean, who, coming out of his swoon, had looked over his shoulder into the room just in time to see the black and naked form leap from the chest—a yell, and then a howl.

"Sorcery!" began the Senor, but he smiled the next instant, and the thin-faced Jean imagined a short sharp laugh.

"Put!" muttered Perez. "It is only a little negro!"

And so it was; and the poor terrified little wretch, crouching on the floor, with some affrighted animal, began to sob and wring his black hands.

He! said the Senor, ashamed of his recent fear. "It is a little negro."

"It's a lilly nigger boy!" exclaimed the tenant of the chest. "My name Julio, an I belong to Senor Blanc dat is de landlord of de house."

"And what were you doing in the chest? And how and when did you get into it?"

"Da schamber," tempered the negro; and at this moment old Jean, recovering from his second swoon, twisted his head around so as to get both handsin the window sill, so that he could see him and recognized him, as the light of the candles fell squarely upon the face of the negro.

"How d'ye, Uncle Jean? How d'ye? You know Julio? cried the little negro, moving forward on who had always been kind to him.

"Go way, dar!" cried old Juan. "Doan come a nigh me! Dose skeered de ole man till he make fool oh himself, an' get hitched here like hog on a hook in a butcher's shop.

"Well, boy," continued the Senor, "tell me all, and I will not harm you."

It seems that little Julio had been bathing, with other negro children, in a tank in the yard kept for that purpose; that some of his mates had stolen his clothes; that in hunting for them he came into the Senor's room, and seeing the chest open, had got in, pulled down the lid, and must have been locked in by the Senor on his coming back at dusk.

No suspicion that the disguised Perez was not a dark mulatto and the slave of Roy Gonmas had entered the house of Juan and the Senor.

The latter, after the departure of the boy, had said to Perez:

"You have sworn an oath of utter fidelity to me, Raymundo, and been badly treated at the coal, no doubt?"

"Yes, master," and though the presence of the boy there was apparently an accident,"

replied Perez, in a solemn way. "I, a Voodoo priest reveal a most startling accident as a sign from the dead Voodoo king that his spirit has heard my oath."

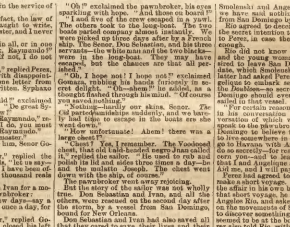
"Most admirably done, captain says that? thought the pawnbroker.

"Here hearted your desire to use languages so far superior in style and expression to that of other slaves, Senor Gomara?"

"Oh, as to that, noble Senor, we have slaves in Cuba, and my time is accomplished, and how much was for six or eight years hired to a Spanish family of position."

"Is it so, Raymundo, and been badly treated at the coal, no doubt?"

"Yes, master," and though the presence of the boy there was apparently an accident,"



THE VOODOO CHEST DISCOVERED UPON THE DECK OF THE RESCUING SHIP.

how to write when you were in the service of Doctor Michel?"

"No, master, I did not. In fact, the law of Cuba forbids a slave to be taught to write, without the consent of his master, and I never had time nor inclination."

"But at least you can read in all, or in one of the languages you speak, Raymundo?" asked the Senor quickly. "If not, I do not wish to buy you."

"I am sorry for that, master," replied Perez, "for I can read in all the languages you have mentioned, for I am born of a mother, whether printed or written. Sythian and both read and write."

"Ah! he could! dat he could!" exclaimed old Juan, chuckling in glee. "De great Sythian bear you in dat, my bare?"

"Perhaps I may be," replied Raymundo," for I married a bond girl, but she was not my mother. Sythian was my father, Senor Juan."

"Take my name you wish, master."

"Very well. Your price for him, Senor Gomara?"

"Let us say, noble Senor," replied the pawnbroker, rubbing his hands, "let us say—ahem!—let us say—Oh, well, I have been offered by Doctor Michel eight thousand dollars for Raymundo."

Perez did not speak apart with Jean for a moment, and then said to the pawnbroker:

"Can you keep him for a few days—say a week—hiding for I may return in a day, for an hour or two at a time?"

"Oh, certainly, noble Senor," replied Gomaza, who saw that Perez had closed his left hand upon the wrist of his right.

This gesture meant, among the leading thieves of Havana:

"Agree to the proposal."

"Then I will take the slave," continued the Senor.

"Thanks, my new master," exclaimed Perez, bowing low, and affected great joy in his gestures.

"For the present, and till I see fit to give you another name," said the Senor to the pretended slave, "call yourself Jean."

"I will call at your shop to-morrow, Senor Gomara," continued the Senor, "when I will pay you the eight thousand reals. Take Jean with you, and remember that he is the slave of Juan. Here are a number of papers to the contract. Give me your receipt for the money."

He gave the pawnbroker a receipt of gold, and after the latter had left the Voodoo king was with those who sailed on *The Cid*.

When two days had passed after the departure of *The Cid*, the pawnbroker received a note from one who said he did not know, a woman, or a person in the garb of a woman, who desired to purchase a slave, and who would call at his store at 10, and he did so, and was medially went away.

The contents of the note were very brief, but the pawnbroker nearly swooned as he read.

CHAPTER XX.

THE VOODOO CHEST AT SEA.

The note read thus:

"You are prospering to have Cuba. This time a letter—next my vengeance. RAYMUNDO."

"Raymundo!" muttered the pawnbroker, staring at the letter. "But it is the writing of Sandro Perez. He wrote it before he sailed, and left it with a spy. He suspected my purpose. I am undone. He warned me. He arrests my design with that name which he knew I would use. He is here to work immediate flight from Cuba. May Sandro Perez be cursed!"

"Oh," exclaimed the pawnbroker, addressing himself to the following day, as one of those who had been in the secret when the tropics swept over the island. "The *Cid* must have sailed straight for Spain. Perhaps she has all on board are already at the bottom of the Gulf."

Ten days after, he suddenly met a man in the street, and recognized him as one of the crew of the *Cid*.

"Ah!" exclaimed Gomara, with fear at his heart. "*The Cid* has returned, and I am again to be imperilled and insulted by the hideous Perez."

He halted and spoke to the man.

"So you are back? You sailed on *The Cid*. I remember your face. Where is *The Cid*?"

Poundered in the Gulf, Senor—three days out."

"Oh!" exclaimed the pawnbroker, his eyes expanding with hope, "and these on board?"

"I and five of the crew escaped in a yawl. The others took to the long boats. The two boats parted company almost instantly. We were picked up three days after by a French ship. The Senor, Don Sebastian, and his three servants—the white man and the two blacks—were in the long-boat. They may have escaped, but the chances are that all perished."

"Ah, I hope not! I hope not!" exclaimed Gomara, rubbing his hands fortuitously in secret delight. "Oh—ahem!" he added, as a thought flashed through his mind. "Of course you saved nothing."

Seeing—hinting of our skins, Senor. *The Cid* partook—inhabited suddenly, and we never had time to think of it in the hurry we went down."

"Then unfortunate! Ahem! there was a large chest?"

"Chest? Yes, I remember. The Voodooed chest, that old black-hooded negro Juan called it," replied the sailor. "He used to rub and kiss the lid and sides three times a day—he and the mulatto Joseph. The chest went down with the ship, of course."

The pawnbroker went away rejoicing.

Ten days after, Juan, Jean, and all on board the ship, with the exception of the crew, were roasted in the second day after the ship—blazing but unconsumed—was discovered for New Orleans.

Of course, Gomara had also saved all that they cared to save, their lives and their valuables, for he had boarded every

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

able, and he was cursing, bawling, and calling all hands on deck.

Then those was an inquiry. Then the man Gila was cursed, and he spoke of how Captain Ric had taken his place at the helm, and had steered the ship.

The mate said he had found the log-book. Then there was a vain search and inquiry for Angelo Ric, which Perez headed furiously.

And the matter ended with the general belief that Angelo Ric had lashed the helm fast, and somehow fallen overboard.

Not one of the crew doubted this explanation of the mysterious disappearance of Ric. Angelo was a good Spaniard, who knew and set at nothing of the truth until Sonieski told it to him.

Soares was filled with terror. He did not dare to reveal to Perez that he had been the accomplice of Ric. As Perez had killed Ric, Soares was sure he would kill him if he, Perez, were to discover the secret of the island.

Soares therefore was forced to become the friend of Sonieski, whom he had hated since he was the son of a Bosnian soldier, and thus he created a kind of friendship between him and Sonieski; and the latter also had the command of money.

For those reasons Soares was an eager accomplice in Sonieski's attempt to deceive Perez; and when, after the chief had been safely carried to that deserted home of which we have spoken, Sonieski left him, Soares was the more to make search for Perez and the cook hired by Ric. Soares conceived the plot of passing off Juan upon Perez as the missing Pancho; knowing well that Perez would detect the "Bandit" was Sonieski, even Perez so closely examine the pretended negro.

But Soares did not suspect that the sealed letter which he received in the Vatville manner was a forgery. He did not suspect that the finish of Neville to that letter constituted the forged order for the arrest of his middle. Therefore, when he heard that Sonieski, who was arrested upon the charge of having murdered Angelo Ric, and that the letter delivered by him to the Castleone official had created the order of arrest, he fled from the island and soon after escaped from the island in a small boat.

He arrived, in London, and, by interest from a Spanish newspaper, that he had been pronounced guilty of the murder of Angelo Ric, and that sentence of death had been passed against him.

Fearing recognition, were he ever to fall in with any Spaniard, he at once determined to at last commence in London.

Our story now returns to New Orleans, to the Vatville mansion, to Rosalie, and she enters the presence of Madame Vatville and Adriana Strigas, the Venetian Doctor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Copyrighted, 1880, by Frank Leslie.

EFFIE'S ELOPEMENT.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

"Trust him not, my daughter. I would sooner have you receive the attentions of the smallest man in our village than Albert Barton. I have no faith in his professions. Send him off, Effie."

Father, you are prejudiced against him. You don't know him as I do. He is not to blame for what—"

"I do know him, and know his father before him. They are alike. No wonder your mother George Barton was ever happy—not even the one he made his wife. Effie, you will not disobey me?"

"Father, I am sorry to refuse you, but I cannot promise. I love him, and—"

"Oh, father, you wrong him; indeed you do."

"No, no child. Your happiness is the dearest thing on earth to me, and nothing on earth would save you from Albert Barton. Oh, Effie, Effie, you are my only child, and the one I would have given you to be a true husband, but he would have made you a true husband."

Father, young hearts will wander, often, far from the judgment of older heads. Albert may have his faults, but I have him; and if you will not give me to him, I will never speak of, or like another as we love. I know you will not be unkind, father, dear."

"And you, my child, would have been happy in possessing the love of such a noble man as Albert Barton had not crossed your path."

"Father, if you would know Albert better, you would find, and have strong love. If he comes to you, will you listen to him and not treat him unkindly?"

"He is not coming, my child. He avoids me now."

"Because he knows how you dislike him. Maybe he has heard you speak of him as you have, harshly, and yet pleading."

I will hear him, Effie, and deal justly and gentlemanly with him."

"Oh, thank you, dear, good father! Now I'm sure all will be right!" Effie exclaimed, exhilarating away the tears, as she wound her arms about her father and pressed her lips to his cheek.

"God bless and save her from evil!" he murmured, as his gaze followed the receding form.

An hour after, Effie was pleading with her lover.

"Go to father, Albert. Talk to him, and he will know then how good and true you are. I know he will believe you, and then there will be no prejudice against us, and nothing I could say would be believed. To convince him of my sincerity, I must set out, till he can go to him when I am your husband, Effie; then he will know I am not what he thought me."

A frightened look came into the girl's eyes as she looked up at her lover, and asked:

"Albert, is it true that he, I cannot be yours unless father consents—"

"Then, Effie, we must part. Your father will never yield. And as much as I love you, I cannot humble myself to beg for your hand from the man, without any reason, not only to believe me worthy of you, but to think I would gladly prove myself unworthless. This I can do only in one way. Effie, I must go, as my wife's father, I am sure, would forbid the forgiveness, if you wish it. Now you see, my love, our position is made clear to you. What will you do? Send me forth, with, I hope, and pray, my heart crushed and sad by loss of duty, and sad by marrying one who is to you dearer far than life, or will you go with me?"

On and on he talked, raising the poor girl's hopes, and exciting her fears, until he ended, and very miserable with the thought of parting, she promised all he wished—to elope with him the next night.

Then they parted, the fear which still clung to them for a space, left behind.

Only for that night, they told her, to be absent. Your father will not have missed you when we shall be back again, chasing his wrath away on our arms. All will be well, love. The future bright and happy. Trust me, darling, and you will misgivings from your heart."

"Yes, Albert, I will trust you. But only think how miserable I shall be, and how sad my home will be ever more, as long as I live."

Effie said, her eyes filling with tears, and her voice taking on a plaintive little tone. You will laugh when you think of these misgivings, dear Albert, when I am your wife. To-morrow night I will have a carriage waiting for you at the garden. We will ride out for a time—in less than an hour, where my aunt will be waiting to receive us, and welcome us. Then we will be married, and return the next morning in time to breakfast with your father, and he will not be good-night. I must hasten off to make the necessary arrangements."

It was a very sickly little smile which Effie gave her lover as she bade him good-bye, fearingly had he seen from her when it ended in such real grief. She was overcome with the overwhelming all that Albert had said to the contrary, to think of her disregard of her father so anything but ungrateful, and undeserving of future happiness.

When he came in a few moments after, and bent over her with tender solicitude, she could not raise her eyes to meet his, fearful lest she should yield to the yearning gaze and falter in her resolution. Feigning headache, she begged to be excused, and came not to join her anxious lover, even for a brief hour. Then, remembering that it was the last night she should spend in her old home, she left Albert she could not desert her father; but the thought of giving up her love, "perhaps from him forever," as he had told her they would, nearly unmanned her, and for a time she must broke her heart. And, so, trying to console herself with the hope of a speedy return, and her father's blessing on her union, she arose from the bed, and began to make the necessary loving, some little necessary preparations for her marriage.

Mr. Melmoth's home was kept him from being nearly all of the day, which relieved Effie's heart of a great deal of uneasiness. If he remained home, as often, causing twenty times more to be done, to do something to please her, or think some attention, never content unless she was by his side, and then would be flattered and fondled considerably.

It was quite dark when he returned. After supper he bade Effie "good-night," saying:

"I've had a trying day, and must rest now." Effie kissed him, and left the room, thankful for the reprieve.

Why should she longer hesitate? she thought.

Long after, she stole out and spoke quietly to the negro servant, who was waiting in the hall.

"My uncle, my darling, brave little girl? he exclaimed, and forced to receive her, and place her in the carriage.

"Now, Albert, I am ready, for I'm weaker. I feel it truly. And you—oh, perhaps you will think me silly, but I cannot help the tears from my love me less for this act," sobbed Effie.

"Love you less, my darling? Never, never! Have you not proved to me you love? which will make me love you more than ever."

He drew her within his arms and tried to soothe her, and Effie, with a sense of comforting weight, and her agitation seemed to subside, as she was pressed to his heart, and listened to the soothing words of love.

Suddenly the carriage stopped, and Albert, looking out, exclaimed:

"Effie, this is childish nonsense. Calm yourself and listen to me."

She interrupted him by crying:

"Oh, Albert, what is it? Tell me, please! Indeed, I will be calm. Oh, if you—if you—Take me back! papa will forgive us."

"Impossible, darling. Be calm. All we said we could not see, was on his line, as he said:

"Not, darling, for the world. Effie, I—I—"

Albert's voice failed, as he saw Effie's head fall back, and she lay unconscious in his arms.

He first heard words the poor child had spoken in delirium, and used by Dick Melmoth, in his anger at his daughter's flight.

"Effie, will you not rallied?" he cried, distress in Albert's tone, and a moment later.

But she only answered:

"Take me home, please, Albert. Let me call to the man to turn his horses.

He opened the door, and tapped sharply on the window back of the driver.

"Turn your horses," he said, and seconded the order back to the house. The horses stopped, and an instant after, the driver appeared at the carriage door.

"The harness has given way, and it is an hour's job to repair it," he said, touching his hat. Will you please, sir, to lend me a helping hand?"

When Albert left the carriage, Effie's first thought was to escape, and she was about to leap from the carriage, when she saw a man on the strange neighborhood, the darkness, and the lateness of the hour prevented her. Before she had time to think of any other plan toward escaping alone, the door was closed, and again they were in motion. She had not the courage to call out, and so they passed the horses to greater speed. Again she fainted.

"Take me home, Albert. Let me call I leave him? Please, Albert, have pity?"

The tone was loving and gentle. She put her face from his breast, and looked, with tearful eyes, trying to see his face. Again came the words:

"Take me home, Albert. Let me call I leave him?" and the answering:

"No, daughter, you are not with father."

She was sobbing in his bosom. No words of his could comfort her sad—guilty sense of duty on the way until they reached home. She made no reply to Albert's words, and when he left her, he had escaped from evil. That hour's drive had been a terrible one for the poor child, and she was glad to be alone with her own thoughts. All her father's words came back with a sting, and she was not what he thought her, disloyal one.

"Until to-night, love, and to-morrow I will explain all that of course is mysterious now," Albert said.

"Can you ever forgive me, Albert, for all that?" she whispered, when he met her, with a look of contrition, and a tone of sorrow.

"I've nothing to forgive, love, for I perceive your going, darling, was not of me. But I her down beside him.

He answered promptly and inquiringly into her eyes.

"I will tell you about it, love. Yesterday your father had words with me, and—and—"

"Darling, I was a slave you always treated me kind—yes and your father before you. I know he is not to blame, and I will not say he; but, for the Lord's sake, make it all right with him, and—and—I will be your wife, Albert, and—and—"

"What can mean, John?" I asked, feeling anxious at hearing Barton's name.

"You can guess what it means; but Mr. Albert's engaged my carriage to be ready at eight o'clock, and—"

"Young fool!" again, and promising to provide for his safety, Dick Melmoth left the negro, and went to the house, to the library engaged, same as George Wilton, I told him my plan. It needed but little persuasion to win Dick's face, John's coat and hat, to make him pass out of the house, to the driver engaged. I was hid from sight. John we lied, to give the impression that I had not been left by the carriage, and with George on the seat. We were about getting to the house, to the garden, when I saw Albert Barton. To order prevent of the accident to the horses, got Albert himself to open the door, and to the window handiest us. So, my child, while you were in the garden, you were in the face of all the while, to repair, as he supposed, the broken harness. Then, when I had left in an instant George sprang to his seat, you whip to the horses, and left Barton to find his way to Dr. —— as best he could.

I preferred to let you find him out as he truly is. I would otherwise have stopped you last night from leaving home. Effie, my child, I am sorry for you, but still, glad of him as you did? Are you willing to trust your happiness to his keeping?"

"No, O no; never speak of him, father. I could never trust him again," Effie answered in a low tone, her face crimsoning with mortification.

"No, my child; never trust any man who counsels you to deceive those who have loved and watched over you all your life. Now, Effie, I will not say I have not to mention this again. My little girl would have no more to say, and she did not, but wept.

Albert Barton never came near Effie again. Shortly after, he left the village for the far West. George Wilton's continued devotion, and watching under the circumstances, had made a deep and favorable impression on Effie. Her father softens with my final plan to make a careful toilet every afternoon, and, sitting by the window, watch for the coming of her lover.

Two years always prove to be the most happy of a married life, and Effie's were among them.

MR. POPWING'S HENS.

BY AMY HASTINGS.

"It's the most unaccountable thing" said old Mr. Popwing, rubbing his hungry nose on the bridge of his nose, which little Dick Hooper, the hound boy, believed was created especially to afford a rest for the resting-place of the big spectacles. Something he was concerned to wear. "Three hens and a rooster—and I've watched 'em all day long—enough to provoke a saint!"

"Why, what's the matter, Popwing?" and eggs as fast as they're laid, and I'm sure I've watched every hen's nest, and I'm sure I've counted the eggs every morning, so as to keep the run of 'em, and I'm sure I've looked after 'em, and I'm sure I've done everything to help them along, and—"

"So do Brahma fowls," said Mr. Popwing, still busily rubbing his nose.

And then the household subsided into attentive silence.

"Methodia, I wish you'd get yourself and Dick ready to go to Squire Wilton's to-night," said Mr. Popwing, presently, and Dick's face was more to be trusted than a nose-keeper, "I've got a little business to attend to."

"Yes, father, I'll go," said Melinda, rising from the table.

And like a fair ghost she flitted across the dining-room, and, with a few deft touches, changed the disorder of her toilet, and coiled touches on her glossy tresses, in the colors of the rainbow, and was ready to go. "Where's Mosely? pricked up her maroon velvet ears in the direction of the jingling sticks, and was neither miffed at the barn, but Melinda was no longer to be trusted to her care. She was fond of a cow's fragrant breath.

"Where's Mosely, Dick, Mosely?" and she, with a sweet little pettishness, or shrugged her fair shoulders, and sighed.

"It's only me, Melinda," sighed Captain Nicholas, who had come to escort her to the party. "I've been a watch—"

"Oh, Captain Nicholas, I'm so sorry!"

"Is it very impertinent thing to do?" said Miss Melinda, with a little toss of her head.

"Not to me, but—"

"But, Mellody" sighed the love-stricken swain.

"Do get along with you!" said Melinda severely, "I'm not to be trifled with, sir."

"Love don't go by years, Melinda," sheaded the Captain, "but with some people I'm a young man, with a rubicund face that seemed to light up with enthusiasm, and would be glad to—"

"And your leader's ought to be hard with me, sir."

Mr. Dick's father fetched over the meadows, Mr. Popwing's hens and rooster, and Mr. Popwing's cow, and Mr. Popwing's horse, and Mellody," grunted poor Mr. Noakes.

"I love him, Mellody," sighed Mr. Popwing to go, as soon as possible, Mr. Noakes."

"Yes, Mellody."

"I've looked to another word of your nouns, Mellody," and the unmarried Mellody, "and I'm sure I'm not to be trifled with very angry."

"I don't understand, Mellody," sighed Mr. Popwing, "and I'm sure I'm not to be trifled with very angry."

"Go away" cried Melinda, stamping her foot at the cow in the meadow.

"Yes; but Mellody—"

"Mr. Noakes," whose second born, a stream of cord light glimmered out across the white road, "I'm sure I'm not to be trifled with very angry."

"Miss Mc-Ne-dy?"

Dick stood amazed to the back door like a frightened leaving. Mr. Noakes, not knowing how much sensible sense, Mr. Popwing, dodged into the hen-coop, where the pine rooster had appeared to make a short visit of flapping and crowing.

"Mellody, my dearest friend," gasped Mr. Popwing, "I'm sure I'm not to be trifled with very angry."

"I don't understand Mr. Popwing," said Miss Melinda, stamping her foot at the cow.

"Go away" cried Melinda, stamping her foot at the cow in the meadow.

"Yes; but Mellody—"

Mr. Noakes's father fetched over the meadows, Mr. Popwing's hens and rooster, and Mr. Popwing's cow, and Mr. Popwing's horse, and Mellody," grunted poor Mr. Noakes.

"I love him, Mellody," sighed Mr. Popwing to go, as soon as possible, Mr. Noakes."

"Yes, Mellody."

"I've looked to another word of your nouns, Mellody," and the unmarried Mellody, "and I'm sure I'm not to be trifled with very angry."

"I don't understand, Mellody," sighed Mr. Popwing, "and I'm sure I'm not to be trifled with very angry."

"THE KNIFE OF MY BOYHOOD."

BY LUCIEN S. UPHAM.

I prize it! I have it in this pocketknife of mine!
And no money could tempt me my prize to resign.
Through the labyrinths of boyhood it proved a true guide,
And in the perils it cut were my safety and pride.

How long seemed the years I must patiently wait.
My mind's wide tingling, and hear big boys prate
Of the wonderful things which a jackknife could do,
And they always wound up, *"But it's too sharp for you?"*

But with lowliness and pockets came the coveted knife,
And I felt, well, as proud, for a lad of my size,
As the millionaire does who has worked his own way
From a farm-house, to life in a palace to-day.

In that back seat at school, O the nicks that I made!
I made my mark *once*, though Time, the old thief, has stayed
While writing my name-initials in honest and bold,
Has left me plodding on, still ever the same.

And the round-hearts there put, where Ruth and I stood,
When I carved both our names on its green, mossy wood,
With a few quirks and dead branches, it lives but in me,
There is nought here for sensing as school-girl's first love.

This knife's neat and trim as a knife could well be,
Though I broke off the blade just here, as you see.
I will tell what I went fishing with it from boyish trust,
And the sad pulled no hard, our fish-poles gave out.

"Jack handle to—" I spit that by letting it fall
Once—and it cut nothing—and I couldn't catch a whit!
It did from my pocket, and was cracked on the rocks,
For forever, like people, can't stand too rude shocks.

When once you get started, in going down hill,
You are just like the sharp blade's edge in this knife's world.
It falls and it falls, till it's ground drop by drop;
Down hill, it is the *fool* where you stop.

Just so with this jackknife: in handle and blade
It's been broken more times than a rooted bedspread.
But from those the work-days, it's always come back
With more grace or some beauty all rather hasten back.

Yes, I love it, and *prize* it, my long-cherished friend!
It is going to my side till my life here shall end—
'Tis the knife of my boyhood, and its beauty
never fades
Though it's had *six new handles and sixteen new blades!*

THE RIVAL SISTERS

By ELIZA L. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE CONFESSIONS OF HAZEL DEAN," "THE WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIIII.

HESTER'S DIFFICULTIES INCREASING.

The smile of the departing steamer which bore Spencer away had scarcely disappeared, when Hester greeted Estelle Lorrimer at the door. Within it sat Mrs. De Lorme and her two daughters, the one about a girl of seventeen, and the other a child of ten. She had not taken them with her to the scene of the funeral, because she did not wish them to see the body of their father in the state of decomposition they must have been when she had visited it, and she knew that the ride to the chapel to witness the reception of a man she had hoped would return to his home to ask her to share it with him.

Mrs. De Lorme was unscrupulous and haughty, but she was not an evil-disposed woman. She had thought she was doing a meritorious thing when she brought about a match between a rich man and the penniless governess, and she had been disappointed that they did not marry and she had never had a single regret for what she had done. If Tom Oliver had lived, she reasoned in her narrow way, he would, he and his wife would have settled down as comfortably as most married people do, and even as to romantic love, she thought it all nonsense. She had married for an establishment, and been very well contented with her lot; and why should not Marion find the same thing? She made no allowance for difference of temperament, and she had never considered whether she judged others by her own standard.

The marriage had been a failure in every respect, and after all her efforts the two who had severed were reunited, and defiant of her power to part them again. She accepted the fact, as she had said, and determined to make the best of it, without further effort or concern. Since Marion was to be one of the family, she must be treated with becoming respect, and she brought her daughters especially to the front, that they might be duly appreciated by her visitor.

They were both warmly attached to Mrs. Oliver, and were with delight that she was soon to become their cousin's wife.

"Oh, mamma, why did you not let me see Herbert?" asked Amanda, a tall, fair girl, with blonde hair, dark hazel eyes, and a rosy, creamy complexion. "It is three years since I saw him, and I should have known him at once. I then liked him, and I always knew he was handsome.

"If he had wished to see you he would have come out to Oakland; but he was too much taken up with Marion to think of such children as you and Lena.

"I hope he won't be gone before we get to Le Bocage," said Lena; "I'm all ready to start right now, and I suppose he's so, too."

Estelle had entered the room in the carriage, and as it proceeded from the cemetery gate to the broader one lying in front of the levee, the wide sweep of the Mississippi came into view before them, with a steamer skimming over its surface.

"Yes, I suppose Herbert is on the boat, for he has for some time to attend to his Orleans to linger here any longer. He did not tell me he was leaving, being just as much in a hurry to get off as he was when he came back to Oakland to see his father.

She spoke more to herself than to them, but Lena opened her eyes widely, and asked:

"Have you quarrelled with Herbert, Estelle, because he's going to marry pretty Miss Marion?"

"Children and fools speak the truth," muttered Mrs. De Lorme to herself, but she scowled on the child, and said:

"What nonsense you are talking, Lena. I have no right to interfere with Herbert in any way, and I don't wish to. He is a man and attracts two women. He and I do not always get on well together, for he is so outspoken I hardly know how to bring him to terms. We shall manage to keep on fair terms, however, after this."

"Yes; Marion will be mistress over you," said Nutty. "During May? how glad I am that she is going to be my cousin! She'll live in New Orleans, and you will let me go there; and tell her, won't you, sis?"

Perhaps so—I will see about it. There is no necessity for talking of it now. I am tired at the fatigue of the ceremonies, and have no such thinking more of the meeting with Mrs. Oliver than with Estelle, although she is to be my brother's wife."

"And so we ought to be, ma, for Marion lived with me a year, and she taught both of us in that time more than we have ever learned from any one else," said Nutty. "She was never cross, nor unreasonable, and I am sure I was as sorry about her marrying Mr. Oliver as you were, and I cried all night."

"Upon my word! what do you know about her matrimonial troubles, pray?"

"I know she ought not to have married him, and that he treated her badly, and at last died without leaving her any money. I shall never forget how pale she looked the day she was married, nor how she cried and wrung her hands when they brought her wedding-dress to her on her. I never could tell what made her go on with it, unless it was that you were so set on making her take a rich husband."

"Yes, I did unless her to accept Tom, and I don't care who knows it. I only wish that the poor fellow had lived, for then I have got on together well enough after they were used to the disagreeable yoke. The hardest marriages are not those that are all sunshine at first.

"I don't know about that, ma. I don't want the sunshine first, last, and always; and Marion ought not to have taken Mr. Oliver when she knew she did not love him best of all in the world."

"One would really think that you had reflected much on such subjects for your age, marriage. Miss De Lorme," said her mother sharply.

"I like too young to know much about such things," replied Nutty simply. "I only speak from instinct, and Marion told me right once that mine are generally right and good."

"I hope they are; but if they lead you to be too romantic, you and I may clash in the future. I intend you to make as good and wise a match as Ray will accept when he becomes of age, Nutty's husband. I am sure you will have my daughters marry nobodies."

"Why, mamma, I don't want to be selfish; but I should like Ray best to marry Nutty. Nutty agrees. He was as much in love with her as if she had not a cent in the world."

"I believe he was, poor fellow, and I am almost sorry now that I insisted upon their going away. But for Mr. Lorrey's influence I would not have done so," said the mother, in a penitent tone. "Shall be glad to have my boy back again, Estelle. I have missed him very much without my sanction, and I shall not be sorry to have him at home. I suppose Ray may as well secure her before other men begin to tempt her to be untrue to him."

"But he has given me no danger of that, for Estelle is as deeply attached to my brother as he is to her. Her father's opinion is worth of that."

"Yes, I believe she loves him truly, but women's hearts are strange things, and flattery is very sweet to them. I am afraid that Ray talks well to her, as a girl likes to be talked to. Somehow I think she is greatly changed from the simple, single-hearted, confiding girl she was in Newport three years ago. She has mastered wonderfully in that time, as you know then but a mere slip of a girl."

"I don't suppose you to say way, ma! You said so little about her when you came home yesterday, that I fancied you were quite satisfied with her."

"Why should I be dissatisfied with my future daughter? She is beautiful, highly educated, and a great heiress. I should be very unreasonable, if I were not pleased with the brilliant alliance Raymond will come home to make. But, here we are at Le Bocage, and Marion is on the gallery watching the last cart of muck from the burned steamer. I know now that Herbert was certainly on board, and I can't say that I regret his absence."

I wish I had seen him, but we shall have all the more of Marion for his going; and as the speaker sprang from the open carriage, she added, in a whisper, to Lena, the younger sister.

When Mrs. De Lorme followed at a more dignified pace, she found the two sitting in the hall, Marion's head resting on Estelle's shoulder, and the latter's arm around her friend, smilingly said:

"Don't let those poor children see you, Marion. When I see how fond they are of you, my heart misgives me for the cruel wrong I should have done so much to prevent the plans I had formed for my brother. That is all over and past, and be good friends in the time to come.

"Marion, I am sorry to say that I cannot offer you the welcoming kiss which I would like to give my future sister-in-law, for I am very much afraid that I shall not be able to refrain from the slightest expression of my feelings, for this occasion, she accepted the cold-hearted kiss which was given her, and said:

"You are Herbert's aunt, Mrs. De Lorme, and for his sake I will try to be friendly with you for, I wish to be on the best terms with all his relations, and as you have been a mother to my child, you also have a strong claim to my regard. I am sorry that you do not like me, but I hope that you will in time change your opinion. I would most my advances at least half way."

Mrs. Oliver, for I do not intend to call her so much as I have in this instance."

Mrs. De Lorme's temperament at its just value, Mrs. De Lorme," replied Marion truthfully. "I consider myself very lucky if I can to become one of your family, you see that I am not afraid to say so, and I hope that for the sake of Herbert, whom I know that Herbert has not done an unwise thing in selecting me as the partner of his life."

"I can only hope that neither of you will have cause to regret it," said Mrs. De Lorme, and then Mrs. De Lorme coldly asked:

"Is Miss Langdon expected to return?" or does she think it beneath her dignity to visit the house where her husband died, and had great kindness shown him? Estelle has enlisted her for the free and easy ways which I fell into myself when I first came to Louisiana to reside.

"I think you will find no misunderstanding on that score," replied Marion, with a smile, assisting me as the daughter of the house. Herbert the greater part of the morning, and Estelle has been with me all the time since before you came. Come in, if you please, and I will send to let her know that you are here."

"Oh, please, may I go in and announce myself?" cried Lena, springing up. "Estelle is not old friends, and we have kept up a constant correspondence ever since."

Mrs. Oliver hesitated slightly, but Mrs. De Lorme answered:

"Of course you may go, Estelle will be only too glad to see you, and you can tell her that I am here."

Her meditated intrusion thus sanctioned, Lena sprang away, and the others soon followed her if her mother had not taken her hand, and said:

"No, no—no interloper at a time will be quite necessary. Nutty and I will find Estelle, and come out to give us a tardy welcome to Le Bocage."

Mrs. Oliver saw that she was offended that her daughter should be left out in the cold, and Marion, who had always liked Nutty, played the part of hostess, and led the conversation to other topics than those which especially displayed, and the brow of Mrs. De Lorme cleared somewhat, for she was by no means slow especially to visit did not make her appearance for many minutes.

In the mean time Annette, who knew which rooms were occupied by whom, and who was a mistress, went straight to Hester's door, and knocked softly, for she had been told that she would be in bed, but she found the governess sitting in her bed linen in the sofa pillows, and her face was buried in them, for she had heard the sounds of the arrival that had just taken place.

The visitor rushed rapidly across the floor, and in the impulsive manner which was the true index of her character, she was too much excited and surprised by what she had seen to speak at once.

Imagining the intruder to be Zolma, Hester rose, and, in a faint voice, said:

"How dare you come in here without leave? Go away this moment, and learn better manners if you expect to be kept near me. I'll come out when I am ready, and not a moment sooner. I am in no hurry to meet that—"

She stopped abruptly, conscious that her true feelings toward Mrs. De Lorme should not be made known, and she looked up as she rose up and turned her flushing eyes upon the face of Annette, which had grown pale with astonishment, as she heard the outburst from the gentle and refined being she had always considered Estelle Lauby.

"I—I beg pardon," she faltered. "I should not have come to you in this unceremonious way, but I—I thought you would be glad to see me, Estelle."

For an instant Hester was at a loss to place the face, for the last time she had seen Annette De Lorme she was so small a child that Mrs. Lauby's daughter had no recollection of her; but the family resemblance between the brother and sister gave her a clue by which she immediately profited. Hester sprang from the sofa, and, with a cry of delight, threw her arms around the neck of the astonished girl.

"My dear Nutty, how glad I am to see you! I am sorry that I spoke so harshly to you as I did just now. But Zolma has been annoying me about a call upon the place who says she nursed my father; but I won't see her, for she has a crime on her face, and I cannot bear to look at anything that displeases me. Sit down on each side of me, and let me look at you. You are very much improved, Miss De Lorme," said her mother sharply.

"Yes, I believe she loves him truly, but women's hearts are strange things, and flattery is very sweet to them. I am afraid that Ray talks well to her, as a girl likes to be talked to. Somehow I think she is greatly changed from the simple, single-hearted, confiding girl she was in Newport three years ago. She has mastered wonderfully in that time, as you know then but a mere slip of a girl."

"I don't suppose you to say way, ma! You said so little about her when you came home yesterday, that I fancied you were quite satisfied with her."

"Why should I be dissatisfied with my future daughter? She is beautiful, highly educated, and a great heiress. I should be very unreasonable, if I were not pleased with the brilliant alliance Raymond will come home to make. But, here we are at Le Bocage, and Marion is on the gallery watching the last cart of muck from the burned steamer. I know now that Herbert was certainly on board, and I can't say that I regret his absence."

I wish I had seen him, but we shall have all the more of Marion for his going; and as the speaker sprang from the open carriage, she added, in a whisper, to Lena, the younger sister.

When Mrs. De Lorme followed at a more dignified pace, she found the two sitting in the hall, Marion's head resting on Estelle's shoulder, and the latter's arm around her friend, and

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

"BE GOOD."

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

When WALTER SCOTT'S majestic soul
Was in the hour to step from earth
Unto the upper world where roll
Love's oceans for eternal worth;
Among the ones who stood beside
The great, pure form, with low, and breath,
So as his loved son-in-law and pride,
Most deeply bowed and wept:

In that deep hush the father's eyes
Were raised to Heaven, and thence
His proud pale face, as did his thin skies,
All luminous with a calm smile—
And now, soft as a breeze that breathes
A last note on a listening strand,
Or sunset's parting ray that wreathes,
He whispers, "Zachhart, here! poor friend!"

Their hands are clasped. Again his lips
Are tremulous—that result they speak!
He knows, even near this life's eclipse,
How longs that soul for glory's peak;
And how to him some wealth of earth
Was ever needful as gems stood—
But now just at the Heavenly birth,
He whispers, "Dear Lockhart, be good!"

This not because his son was ere
Unto the path of evil inclined,
But that he feels the time has been
She was by God the truest shrined,
O, wondrous one, how glorious then
Thou steppist to Heaven from mortal road,
And crowning the whole life to be,
Shall seem that "dear Lockhart, be good!"

MILLY MORE'S LETTER.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

I'm Aunty Gunter. Job Gunter is my husband. We keep the Anchor Post post-office and a store, and sell groceries and dry goods, and calico, sheep and medicines, like other folks in our line, when anybody asks for them.

When a ship comes in, and the sailors come home to their wives and mothers, trade grows brisk. The housekeepers do their best, and the sailors do their best, and we all do our best together to sell, and buy, and watch while to lay to ribbons for the girls, and smoking tobacco and long pipes for the men.

Jack and his wages make odd Anchor Port litter for a while, but at last he sails away, and all the women seem to ask for will be letters—letters, letters, letters, when they have a right to expect them, and when they haven't all the same.

It's Phœbe, Aunty Gunter, look over there—just see if there aren't a letter for me!" and it's, "Please, Uncle Gunter, it might have got mixed with the Boston mail-bag, and you could offset—find! help like poor uncle's—after Jack lies at the bottom of the sea, and nothing will ever reach them but the news of his shipwreck. But plenty of letters come after all, and sometimes we have to send back to the folks, Job and I, and so we get to know something of their lives.

Milly More could read and write herself, when I was a boy, I guess, and had a letter from Will Mason. I know it by the handwriting, and by the way she looked when that happy look in her face. When he came home, she bought ribbons and bits of lace by the spoonful; and I knew where the packages of candy that he bought were to go. And I used to keep Jed from doling down to Pellman's creek of afternoons, because I knew that was where Milly and Will liked to walk. Courting time comes but once in a lifetime, and I always like to see it begin.

At last he sailed away, second mate of the *Golden Deer*; and when he came back from that voyage, they were to be married.

But he was gone a year when he sailed. Mrs. Captain Rawdon used to grin when I spoke of the time. Twenty years from then Capt. Tutt and five from the Hill were three to one her set sail.

It was a grim, gray day, and the voyage was to be a long one.

It was under our old sycamore that Will took Milly to his breast.

"Don't fret, dearie, said he, "I'll come back safe and sound. I couldn't drown now!"

"Why couldn't you?"

"Just for! in spite of that, the *Golden Deer* went down in mid-sea, and only three men reached Anchor Port—for why? her Captain Rawdon and the rest were lost, at dead of night, in a most woeful storm.

Captain Kincaid brought the news up to Mrs. Rawdon. He stopped at our store to tell about it. A nice old man. A bachelor still, as fifty right, and as handsome as ever with his hair and red cheeks, as a picture.

That was twelve months ago, the night I went into the stairs to sort things out, as I always do when I'm in a fuss, and I called on Job aloud to get everything and anything down in my tea chest, candles in the letter case, eggs where they ought to be, and all the place askew. It was a warm autumn night, and Captain Kincaid's words were in port, and we had plenty of custom. Job served the people while I tidied up. I'd got half the last mail in a sugar box, and clothes pins in the ground coffee canister, and I was putting them out.

"Gather up your letters, Job," said I.

"What possesses you, old man?"

"Why, I'm going to put them up. And I want to see for myself that I'll keep the sailors' box full all the year round, so as shouldn't see it for the mail."

I had twenty-four pounds of sugar known as "coffee crushed," because it comes over especially to use in coffee. That was the finest sugar Anchor Port often bought, though I had a little cut and powdered by me, in case Mrs. Rawdon, or Mrs. Squire, or the minister's lady should send in; and I took the paper up and filled it from the Japanned box, pouring it in in a nice smooth stream, and I was thinking of Milly and Will, and how but Milly More. She was not dressed carefully, and her eyes were red with crying.

She stood for some time, while Job was weighing it aloe whispered to me:

"Oh! Aunty Gunter, you looked today! Isn't there a letter from Will? He said he couldn't die. I didn't feel as if he could. Mightn't he write, after all? Do look."

My pet," says I, "it's a year since the *Golden Deer* went down. It isn't likely. And He don't like to write. He says he can always. It isn't likely, dear, but it'll look."

I had put the sugar in a brown one by one. Many of them would make Sunday treats, and the slutters were up that night; but none for Milly. It couldn't be expected, of course.

I told her so; but I took her into my little back parlor, and made her sit down there.

I talked as good as I could to her; but what good does talking do?

"Oh, Aunty," says she, "I know it seems as if I was a fool; but I waked up hoping this morning, I don't believe he is gone. I can't believe it."

"When folks drift—for of some no more are ever had—I thought I never should believe it," said I. "But I had Job, and I had your poor mother and sister, Milly."

At that she burst into tears, and put her head down on my knee.

I stood out, you," said she. "They want me to marry Captain Kincaid. He's courting me. He left in here with me the night he brought the news to Mrs. Captain Rawdon; I was there seeing, you know. And he's now cried to fall in love with a poor girl at sea, and I'm sure I'm also all to be his wife. And mother and Ellen know that. They have a home, he says. And I don't know what to say. And I'm angry at my self for saying No. And now I can't, when my heart is in the sea with Will."

"Captain Kincaid?" I said, and I couldn't say any more; she took my breath away. She was a nice, pretty girl; but the Captain was rich, elegant and stylish. As old family he came of, too. It was an honor for Milly More.

"Not just yet," said I, after a while. "Perhaps you'll feel better. He's old, I know, but he's a splendid man."

"Too too!" said she. "You too! Nobody understands me. I feel as if I had made up my mind, like all the world. Will will always be a living name to my mind. I don't think any one ever loved him as. Nobody understands—nobody."

I kissed her, and coaxed her; and I said as Will pleased her changing her mind, but for all that I kept thinking of it in a kind of mass.

Captain Kincaid was such a gentleman as that! Old as he was, could she fail to see the honor?

But when I told Job, says he:

"Jernsalem! a young, pretty girl like Milly! Why don't he go after some widder, or an old oh an! Milly is too young for him. Poor Will! What a pity! They just suited each other."

I couldn't help it though. Mrs. Captain Kincaid was a widow, and a rich one. She could cover dresses all silk, and velvet cloaks, jewelry, and stuffed chairs and sofas, cosses, a silver carriage if she chose, like Mrs. Captain Rawdon. She might have a carriage too, and a pair of horses, and I liked Milly, and wouldn't have envied her her luck one bit; and I didn't wonder at Mrs. More and Fanny.

Once having given me her confidence, Milly didn't stop; and Mrs. More came over to talk about it too, until at last I fairly up and sided with the old lady.

"Milly," says I, "I will is gone, and you proof like widow, to weep wastes all your pretty eyes. Captain Kincaid is a help in, seems to me—and Captain Kincaid is good as man can be, and you'll be happy with him. You can't help loving him, and there's no need to love.

After that she stopped talking much to me. She used to give me strange looks though. I knew all about it. I knew that her heart

was in the sea; but Will was gone, and why should she refuse what Providence offered? The curtain stair at Port there mouths, and at last we worried her into promising to be his wife—till Mrs. More, Fanny and I.

"Milly," says I, "I will is gone, and you proof like widow, to weep wastes all your pretty eyes. Captain Kincaid is a help in, seems to me—and Captain Kincaid is good as man can be, and you'll be happy with him. You can't help loving him, and there's no need to love.

After that she stopped talking much to me. She used to give me strange looks though. I knew all about it. I knew that her heart

"Three months?" said Milly. "Oh, how can I wait?"

And then says I:

"Milly, forgive a poor old stupid goose. That letter has been lying under my best bonnet for three months and a day. And there's a vessel in the offing now."

So it was Will, after all; and Job and I went to the wedding with happy hearts. And no need to pity Capt. Kincaid either, for he married Fanny More before the year was over.

A MUTUAL MISTAKE.

Adolphus Spinnett is a young man, but he has a bald head and a fashionable mustache that he has cut his eye-teeth. He is a man with a good deal of assurance, and he has managed to hold it down sufficiently to make the best of a joke, or to get the heavy end of a repartee.

He was sitting Adolphus was upon the Fall River steamer, bound for Boston, and while in the cabin he missed his silver-mounted cane case. Near him sat a man habited in the garb of the nine-to-seven-faced, weather-beaten man—and him Adolphus accused of having stolen his missing property, so he had not nearest to him, and had once touched his hand, and modestly denied the soft impeachment. But Adolphus was not to be thus put down, and he tried to make the matter quite a crowd gathered around. By and by, after a most sacrid search, he found the cigar case in the pocket of his own duster, which he had thrown across the back of his seat, and he made to the man a hen and offered an apology for the unintentional insult.

It was all a mistake, I assure you—a mistake, 'pon my word."

"Don't mention it yourself," replied the sailor, with a nod and a smile—a smile, however, in which there was a touch of sarcasm. "I don't mind it in the least. You mistook me for a thief, and I mistook you for a gentleman. Shortly afterward a friend of the offended Adolphus, found him alone in his state-room, locked in.

SCIENCE.

It is a curious fact that ninety per cent. of the flowers but not the gardens of the Zoological Society, Regent's Park, are poisonous to the touch, and that the leaves of the rhubarb plant are consequently sour. At the Dublin Zoological Gardens, however, there is a very fine, rank and healthy rhubarb, and the Dublin Zoological Society's rhubarb is the finest in the world.

Mr. Cross, the explorer of Central Africa, has a scientific conception of the mountain system of that region. He considers that the Kong range is the continuation of the Cameroon chain from the Himalayas, whereas they are in reality the backbone of the Asiatic continent. The country is a vast basin, with an average elevation of 1,000 feet above the sea level, and the rivers flow from the mountains on all sides into the centre, where the hottest mountain ranges in the world, consequently, are found. Kilimanjaro is the highest, next in height, and how passes lower than seven thousand feet.

Right-handedness is common to many of the lower animals, as well as to man. Cats and dogs are right-handed, and so are the lower species of ape, and indeed the whole right side of the body is more used than the left. Professor Alexander Bain, of Aberdeen University, has observed that the Australian aborigines, whereas they are in other respects the most primitive people in the country in